



JANUARY, 1964 VOL. 7, NO. 4

COW ARDS INTO HEROES.

THO

IF

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ALLEN STEARN · publisher

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## THE ALL-AMERICAN

I FIRMAN HUMFREIDINCK beard on the radio the situation of the old some, 70%, 70% Getta Be A Football Hern," as he sat alone in his dormal per room, A feeling of cyndeins merged over him, front of him. "Dis doubt-dome stuff about truth long stems in a lot of crap," he brought. "Look being stems in a lot of crap," he brought. "Look long stems in Rimperedinck, All-American—and Long terms and Rimperedinck, All-American—and Long terms and Rimperedinck, All-American—and part of the attipend they give me for playing foot-size and the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give me for playing foot-size and strength of the stippend they give the strength of the stippend they give the stippend

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they weren't.

Herman certainly had a need that night, only he dight have supmore money left for the rest of the month. It was Saturday night, for the month. It was Saturday night, for the tendent atternoon, Herman had secred five touched man atternoon, Herman had secred five touched night is school to a 35-0 victory. The other students were out celebrating—at parties and dances on the campus—but not Herman, nor Bill Gilligan nor Red Stevens, the other men steeding college on football scholarships, Bill and Red were downtown with the whores and Herman was left.

alone in his room.
With considerable justification, Herman was hitter. After all, he didn't graduate from high school
until the was twenty years old, shwing funded two
years along the way. That was on his record, as
plain as the mashed-in noze on his face. In fact
everything about Herman was clear and obvious.
Therefore, he reasoned, the men sent by the
alumni to recruit him for their football team
should have been on the level with him, which

Herman, who stood six-five and weighted a trim 246 pounds, but does not the high-shoot All-America. He could rum, pass and kick almost as America. He could rum, pass and kick almost as number of top cast as, and quite maturally as number of top cast as the state of the state of

He liked hearing this, mainly since he believed

them. Then they gave him that old razzmatazz about what it's like to be a football bero—a big man on campus, with all the girls just dying to give their all for him. Being a mature 20, it made Herman's mouth water, simply waiting till autumn rolled around.

When the first semester began, Herman got the setback of his life. There was nothing wrong about the football side of college; he was star of the freshman team. But the girls treated him as though they felt he belonged in a zoo.

"Oh you're the guy the school hired for its football team," one voluptuous coed sniffed. "I could like you if you actually were a student," giggled another. The remark that cut him most deeply was, "What are you going to do with your degree in physical education, teach weight lifting?"

Σ'-

25

The male students were only slightly more friendly. They were agreeable on campus, but when it came to receiving offers to join a fraterintly. Herman registered a big zero. One can imagine bow it shook Herman up to overhear accidently several fraterity men discussing him. "What are we going to do with a professional football player as a brother—use him as a handyman?"

Marman wasn't suprish as a nanyman't suprish as a nanyman't suprish marman wasn't suprish marman and the marman

one disp-stow stuff seriously. on, friendless set makepy. However, time his senior year began, makepy. However, time his senior year began, he hald began to get visits from several of the grow he had began to get visits from several of the grow had began to get visits from several of the procession of the offers, but that would make the professional the first part of the first part of the procession of the offers, but that would have began the mostly and the procession of the first part of the procession of the

At colleges that foot the bill for football players, the man who wins on the field often loses out with the coeds. | SATIRE BY ED STACY

















er Helch Steven Dohan

## \*We're looking for people who like to draw

F YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12
Most Famous Artists want to help
you find out whether you can be
trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to help Unners
We decided to do something about
this. Taking time off from our busy
art careers, we pooled the extensive
knowledge of art, the professional
know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned

through long, successful experience. Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a sense of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting...lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a stu-

dent's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well, it has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four year ago; to day he's head artist for the same firm. Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery

Father of Three Starts New Career Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "noiuture" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and

sells her paintings.

has a wonderful future ahead. Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about are except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for

a growing advertising agency.
With our training, Wanda Pickulski
was able to give up her typing job and
become the fashion artist for a local
department store.

#### Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, be is a successful advertising illustrator, carns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family. Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes:

"Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each." Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional traintest are eligible for professional train-

	the School. I	Mail coupon	today.
Γ	Famoue Arti		

I would like art talent wo	to find out	wheth	er I har
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Mr.			

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THE HALSION PLAN

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The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands of young men and women have found the happiness that comes with a clearer complexion. Because individual experiences may vary, you must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

Not available in Canada. ALLAN DRUG CO. Dept. 1909 6311 Yecca Street , Hellywood 28, Callf.

[] I enclose \$3.55, ebeck or money order, Halalan Please ruch C.O.D.

Dear ACR: As long as there are young people who will protest, who believe in a

MORE ON FOLK SINGERS Dear ACE Lucius Dawes' article in your July

issue, "The Battle of the Folk Singers." really doesn't do justice to the biggest craze on the American musical scene today. When he describes the battle in sexual terms-as between the advocates of earthier expression and those who strive for a more artistically refined performance, he is actually confusing things, It is important to note that today's folk singers have been adopted primarily by college students who, like the rest of us, have varying sexual appetites. The fact that collegiates are virtually uniformly attracted to this revival of an old musical form has deep roots. Folk singing is a way of telling a story or expressing an opinion. It permits certain unpopular concepts to be expressed, because it is musical. Thus, folk singing does fulfill a need today-for those who

yearn to speak freely and who otherwise would be afraid to do so. WHY REAT REATNIKS? Door ACE: What are you trying to pull off-

Clement D. Reddick

Pouchkeepsie, N.Y.

with that article by John Armstrong, "How JFK Killed the Beatniks" (November issue)? Whoever said the Bests were dead? You mention Brother Antoninus. Is he the last Just walk through any big city-

New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco, and you'll still see them, men and women, sitting in coffee houses, reading poetry and discussing the mixed-up state of things, Brother Antoninus may be "dead," Norman Mailer may be "dead," but the movement goes on forever.

Ron Mueller Oakland, Calif. better world to be had today and not in some tomorrow, you will always have beatniks. Unlike the bohemians of an earlier day, the beats don't have to make a lot of noise: they're not opportunists waiting for that call from Hollywood or television. There may be fewer of them today than five years ago, but they're still around.

Sid Cottier Santa Barbara, Calif.

#### PASSION FANCY Dear ACE:

It might seem strange for me to chide you on your article in the November issue, titled "Passion Peddlers of Cafe Society," but I'd like to make my point. In the first place, why do you knock these playful guys and gals the way everyone else does? The after-hours escapades of individuals, seeking an escape from the boredom of everyday living deserves a more just treatment. These people aren't out to hurt others. So why not either leave them alone, or give the rest of us some insight into what really makes them tick.

If you really want to do an expose, I'd suggest that you take on the various members of the syndicate-murderers and thieves.

F. W. Gilchrist Kankakee, Ill.

#### FOR THE RIRDS?

What kind of nonsense is this guy Sidney Croft giving? His article, "The Truth About Those Bird Watchine Chicks," sounded like a pipe dream. I've practiced the hobby of hird watching for over ten years. and I never once found the girls who took to this sport as being overly attracted to me. I once tried, as Croft did, to take a non-bird watching chick out to the woods with me, and you never saw a more

Dear ACE:

bored girl.

Phil Williston London, Ont., Canada



Latin America is the biggest trouble spot for U.S., which relies heavily on information supplied by female agents.

(Editor's note: The author is a former C.I.A. agent. His name and those of the other agents mentioned below have been changed to preserve the anonymity that's vital to the work of the C.I.A.)

AS ANY GOOD C.I.A. AGENT can tell you, coming events cast their shadows enriler—and the grim events that are coming up in Latin America cast their shadows several years before. For exampic, the sweaty little hotbox called Guatemala is ripe for Communism right now—and a lot of people seem surprised. They shouldn't be.

Bode in 1968, I way the shadow full. Train's to year Castillo Arma, Gustennials illustrate and preaddent, was assassinated by one of his own quardennes? I happened less than two years after and overthrow Janobe Arbent Red stands govern and overthrow Janobe Arbent Red stands govern ment. How Castilla go this north gauged with a Commis built is one of the strangest stories were common of Contral America. It's also a remains, within Gregater, how the course of harbory suggeswishin Gregater, how the course of harbory suggester than the contract of the compensation of the compensation.



# There are many girls who give more than once for their country—with no regrets.

of a kiss, or the wiggle of a feminine backside. I was a part of the story. I'll tell it just as it unfolded for me, starting in June, 1954, at the height of the Guatemala revolt.

The news center for the var was Tepesinglish, collecting of the district Monthly and the piece when Armas raised and trained how and the piece when Armas raised and trained Latchbridge, and old. S. Is badly from World War II days, A coldar-of-fortime type, Will had joined up with Armal gang and was surving in some sort of intelligence capacity. These probably, worst is an extension of the piece of the pie

When I reached the Hotel Prado in Tegucigalpa, Wilf was out of town. Later, he told me the details of his trip. It's actually the beginning of the story: Through the grapevine from Mexico, Wilf had learned of a plot to assassinate Castillo Armas be-

Through the grapevine from Mexico, Wilf had learned of a picto to assessimize Castillo Armas before he reached Guatemala City. According to his TACA Constallation leaving Mexico City for Treucipalns. No description was available—just the facts. So Lethhridge flew to Mexico City for Treucipalns. No description was available—just facts. So Lethhridge flew to Mexico City in a chartered plane, landing just in time to get on the air-line flight containing the assessin.

nine ingat containing the assessaries.

Since there's a scarcity of tourists when revolutions are going on, there was only one other passenger on the plane beside Wilf. And since the
five-man crew of the Connie had been checked out
positive, Wilf knew that his fellow passenger was
the assassin. She had to be

A half hour after the flight began, she came up to his seat, eyed him up and down coolly, and asked him for a light. As he lit her cigarette, she stumbled over a cloud and fell (Cont. on p. 62)



The closest way to a mon's heart may be via his stomach, but femme spies know even a better way to get his secrets.

# SIRENS OF THE C.I.A.

# LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

LOVE is a six-letter word," mused Julia.
"Enamor," said Roger, without looking up.

"Enamor," said Roger, without looking up.

"E-n-a-m-o-r." Julia spelled it out on her fingers. "It fits.

but are you sure it's right?"
"Why not try it and see?"

"I don't like to put it in unless I'm sure."
Roger put down his paper and looked at her with fond

Roger put down ins paper and looked at her with fond exasperation. "Darling, you're truly fantastic. Talk about tenacity! This is Wednesday and you're still nibbling your nails over the Sunday Times crossword puzzle. Why not just face the fact that you can't do it and chuck it in the waste-basket?"

"Because I'm obsessive about if, that's why," she said calmly. 'H's really symptomatic. A neurotic manifestation of my scrambled subconscious which, after all, is why I'm here.' She waved her hand slightly to take in the psychoanalyst's waiting room where they were seated.

"You're not the only one with an obsession." Roger's eyes traveled the length of her superb figure and he licked his lips with comic exaggeration.

lips with comic exaggeration.

"Lecher." Her hand automatically went to her blonde curls, half hiding the blush his look had prompted.

"Perfectly normal desire," he assured her. "Desire. D-e-s-i-r-e. Which, incidentally, is another six-letter word for love."

She glanced quickly down at the trossword puzzle. "It won't fit." Then—"Are you trying to tell me something?" "That I love you-and desire you. Just a reminder that tonight's the night."

"Do you think I could forget?"

"My ego wouldn't let me think that."
"I love you too, darling. And I

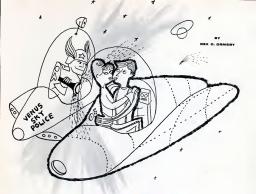
(Cont. on p. 48)



The games of sex always



fascinate, no matter how they may be played—even by using words.



# THE PROBLEMS OF A

THE YEAR 2,000 will see a whole THE YEAR 2,000 was a colological new area of sexual-sociological problems which are almost upon us -the problems of sex in space. Down through the ages, every new stride that man has made has seen its accompanying sexual repercussion. When cavemen developed the club. practically the first use they put it to was to bop their neighbor over the head and steal his mate. Long before the days of Freud the cannon had established itself in Everyman's dream world as a phallic symbol. Hot on the heels of photography came French post cards and one of the most immediate results of the invention of

the automobile was the problem of the back seat being used as a bed by toen-age lovers. Yes, as mankind strides forward in the universe, sexcomplications invariably multiply. In a future which will find a playboy fitting about the cosmos, further sexual complexities are sure to arise.

For instance, consider the problem of weightlessness. Until now, a Romeo in the throes of passion has doubtless never had to stop and consider just how important gravity is to the release of that passion. But reneavous of the future, held beyond the pull of the earth's gravity, bode fair to hit new heights of frustration

for unprepared amorous astronauts. Even a kiss will be difficult to sustain beyond the pucker stage when attempted within a capsule minus the gravitational pull. The most takenfor-granted caresses will be awkward indeed when a playboy's pinch may inadvertently trap innocent flesh in a vise-like clutch and the pink flush of response coloring Milady's delicate skin turns black-and-blue-and purple instead. In the weightless state, embraces may become strangleholds, changes of sensual position turn into wrestling matches, and the sex act itself may be transformed into an act of maybem.

But the problem of weightleanness as it affects are, in space becomes academic in the face of the more basic problem of the necessity for comic lovers to wear space autis due to atmospheric conditions. Starting with semantic control of the semantic starting and the semantic starting and the semantic starting are semantic starting as the semantic starting are semantic starting as made might find the most Mansfeld-seque figure to be when it's encessed in mounds of the weight semantic starting are semantic starting as the semantic starting are semantic starting as the semantic starting and semantic starting are semantic starting as the seman

Embetics aside, though, the idea of acgar lovers finding an asteroid rendervous with atmosphere and then undressing each other in a frenzy involving wrenches, serewdrivers as deluge of ice water. Foreplay consisting of the petting of foam rubber padding, steel bolts and plastic gow, gaws may well call for a revision in both three concept of the sense of the three concept of the sense of a superior of the sense of the control of the sense of the sense of the control of the sense of the sense of the sense of the sense of the control of the sense o

There are those, however, who look at this future and don't find it quite so bleak. They envision Earthman landing on some far distant planet and being greeted by hordes of beautiful half-dressed native girls in much the same way that the early discoverers of Tahtit were greeted. They see Earthman being showered with food and drink and gifts and being initiated into the sexual customs of the planet.

This vision presents Earthman walking the paths of lush forests and every hundred yards or so coming upon an other-worldly Sophia Loren or Liz Taylor, stirring the contents of a cauldron. Finally, he pauses beside one ravishing beauty and seks what she is doing.

"Making a baby," she tells him.
"Making a baby?" he responds incredulously.

"Certainly. Why do you look so surprised? Isn't this how you make babics where you come from?" she says while she continues stirring.

"Well, no," he admits.
"How do you make babies?" She's

quite curious.
"Come with me, and I'll show you."
He leads her off to a deserted part of

the woods.

Later, much later, when they emerge, he asks her how she likes the Earthly way of making babies.

the Earthly way of making babies.
"It's very nice," she tells him. "But
what about the baby?"
"That'll come in nine months," he

"Nine months!" she exclaims. "We do things much faster here." Of course the chances of finding a planet with an inhabitability that is similar to ours is roughly one in a comme trillion; the odds of Earth's astronast playboys dailying with Versusian runns, Staturian airen. Or even subtle synspia from planets between the control of the

on the moon, or other asteroids; kanoodling in orbit; and long sojourna, with some outer-space paradise as the intended destination. Problems of space suits and weightlessness aside, each of these opportunities presents complications which may cast a pall over Space Age passion. Consider the first possibility Mrs. X and Mr. Y, a couple who are mar-

ried, but not to each other, decide that at eight pm. on Wedmeday—when Mr. X goes to the Rocket Races with the boys and Mrs. Y's Martian Mah Jong club meets—they'll get together for some adulterous space-cuddling on a predetermined steroid. An atteroid being a will-o'-the-wisp of space, it may have (Cost. on next page)

# PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT



When men find their beauties out of this world they won't have as much free room as they'd like.

#### THE PROBLEMS OF A PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT

disintegrated into fragments, or capriciously sailed to another part of the universe by the time they arrive, but let's assume that the couple have managed to set down somewhere and start their lovemak-

ing. What then? For one thing, as with any Lover's Lane, be it celestial, or earthly, Mr. X and Mrs. Y are sure to find that other couples, ranging from highschool neckers to suburban swingers, have also parked their capsules on the asteroid. For another, since rockets aren't apt to change the basic iov-killing proclivities of cops. sooner or later the adulterous pair can expect a flashlight beam shining in their dewy eyes and of hearing the grumbled stricture to "break it up." There's also the chance, of course, that one of the X-Y mates might have become suspicious enough to have the errant party tailed by a private eye, in which case the asteroid would be staked out and the interruption of amour would be ruder than a space cop's carping. Indeed, the already complicated mess of laws relating to divorce and the admissibility of evidence in divorce cases could become a truly unfathomable tangle in the Space Age

Or perhaps asteroid amours will work differently. Maybe some enterprising motel man will erect pre-fab space platforms where lovers may rendezvous. Yet, one wonders how much luggage will Mr. X and Mrs. Y have to tote in their rocket ships in order to register with no questions asked?

Could be the motel magnate might go for more permanent structures, on the moon, say, Just picture a pair of likelt love-birds gazing out of their crater-cradded cottage and sighing over the "full" Earth shining in the distance. Will they vow cernal adoration on R? Make wishers He inspired? Will he tell wishers He inspired? Will he tell per skin bilines like alabaster in its ray?

Of course, neither adultery, nor asteroids, nor satellites like the moon will necessarily be involved in Space Age sex. Consider the second possibility, that of kanooding in orbit, a pair of otherwise unentangled young lowers just trying to be alone as lovers have always tried to be alone.

They take off in their capsule throw it into what they hope will be a lonely orbit, set the controls, and get down to some serious smooching. Of course, it may not be easy to keep their minds on what they're doing what with stray sateroid fragmar sound. Indeed, without mere and a stray of the stray of t

Earth express. Even if the Space Casanova has successfully struck an orbit off the beaten rocket track, he will have other problems. Some fuel will be used constantly to maintain his obtand since fuel capacity in small craft will be low, he may be used a far cry from some back road through the woods, the neckers could find them-



selves in an endlessly orbited clinch
— one which they wouldn't dare
carry to the ultimate sex act because
their ship is designed strictly for

More spaciously designed, and family-increase oriented, will be craft slated for travel to the far craft slated for travel to the far reaches of outer space. Such journeys will undoubtedly attract lowers—momers and the like. Where our second example merely involved save second example merely involved save two or three times faster than the speed of sound, our third example. In the speed of sound, our third example finds marriage consummated at a rate faster than the speed of bight.

Bound for their honeymoon cottage in the suburbs of outer-space, even at this high speed, the newlyweds may well be an old married couple by the time they arrive. With obstetrical goar as standard equipment for such journeys, one can't help wondering if the early nuptial relationship might not be somewhat inhibited by this reminder of consequences. Taking their minds off that, however, will be the inevitable practical jokes attendant on weddings even in the Space Age.

With a ten-to-tweenbyou homomomentum processing the processing of time is apt to find them losing their sense of good portramanhip regardist. The processing of the processing of the transport of the processing of the protessing of the p

Where sex itself is concerned, there will be no chance for the wife to run out to buy a new, say, nightle to keep the husband's interest from flagging. On the other hand, he'll have no opportunity to seek extra-marital fun. Fidelity on both their parts will be insured, but the monotony of routinized sex may well be the price some

Speaking of prices, inevitably the sex-for-sale profession will extend its activities to space. Streetwalkers will become spaceway idlers, bedhoppers will become asteroid-jumpers, call girls will put their own Telstar answering service into orbit and certain asteroid clusters will shine with a red-light glow and be marked off-limits to space servicemen. The space-cops will be paid off, airtight, glassene huts will feuture play-for-pay girls posturing seductively to lure butter-and-egg men out to paint Saturn red, and procurers will intercept passing spacemen with provocative invitations to "meet the hottest numbers

national seandal involving a stellar dicidia, high society procurer and a Lunar call girl. The call girl, strictly a uranium-digger, will undoubtedly be caught cudding with a Minister of Earth and an emmissary from Mercury at the same time, and the question of security will be raised by both government. Cabinest will fall and the other playfor-pay-girls will find their activities more (Cont. os. p. St)

at the best house in the cosmos."

Inevitably, there will be an inter-



I AM a single man who has been living with a girl for the past three years. Lately she has been putting the pressure on me to marry her. but this I don't want to do, because I still like a little variety to spice my life. What should I do? Refuddled

Dear Befuddled; Marry the girl. She'll be your only headache. Then while you still try to sow your oats with sugar and spice and all things nice. the other girls won't be able to say a thing. . . .

At a cocktail party in our suburban town, I met a well-stacked matron who suggested slyly that we should kanoodle together. I've never been unfaithful to my wife before, but this other woman is giving me a case of the seven-year itch. Faithful

Dear Faithful: As the poet says, "When ah itches, ah seratehes." I've been going with a woman who is twenty

years older than me. I find her irresistible in bed. The only thing that bothers me is what the other people in my neighborhood are saving about us. Rabbit Ears Dear Rahhit Ears: When the fruit is ripe for plack-

ing, disregard the harnyard elucking. I've been married for twenty-five years, but recently my husband fell in love with his secretary. He has offered me a handsome cash settle-

ment, plus alimony if I give him a divorce, but I don't want to do it. Rejected Dear Rejected: Don't give him his divorce. It's hetter to have half a husband and all his money. After twenty-five years even the handsomest settlement can't beat an ngly, unfaithful mate. I have been going with a man who tells me he

is a movie producer. He has also told me that he plans to put me into a picture, but he wants me to go to bed with him first. When I asked him the name of the film he wants me to play in, he won't tell me. Goldilocks

Dear Goldilocks: Make him bare his true intention before you have yours.

I am twelve years old, and I have a problem, All the other boys in my neighborhood are beginning to so with sirls. They are also sneaking cigarettes and talking about sex. But I'd much rather spend my money on a chocolate soda than on a girl.

Scout

Dear Scout: Don't worry. Keep right on swittling. Before long, you too will be sissling. . . .

My wife is twenty, my mother-in-law is thirtyfive and I'm twenty-nine. We all live together. My mother-in-law, who is very attractive, always waits for my wife to go to the store, and then she tells me how much she desires me. Family Man

Dear Family Man: You should count your blessings. How many men have mothers-in-law who are so nice?

I have a lovely wife, two sexy mistresses, all of whom worship me, but I am bored stiff. Playboy Dear Playboy: Some unts go hunting for squirrels.



This lass named Cotton, with the silky disposition, is a true sophisticate. Yet, though she puts men's heads in the clouds, she still keeps her feet on the ground.



Almost every night is Cotton-picking time, when luscious Marilyn Cotton . . .



ponders what she'll wear for her date out. The pondering's always fruitful.

## COTTON PICKING TIME

This irresistible lass has made sure she'd have an ample wardrobe from . . .



which to select the dress that is suitable for each man who's picked Cotton.







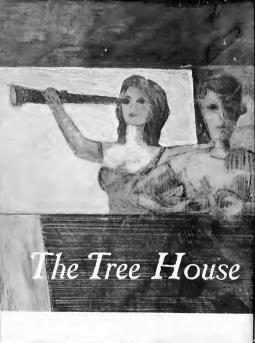
#### Whether it's a day at the

races or a night on the town, dinner at the Stork Libb or date to see the movies, Marilyn Cotton is regarded by the lucky men who know her as an ideal companion. Although the ayes have it for this luscloss lass, the secret of her popularity is not all that apparent. Behind her amiability is a sharp mind, a quick wit and an intense curiosity. Needless to say, her effect on men is devastatling, her allive irresistible.

Marilyn is the kind of girl who likes to be in the know about what's happening around her. She reads the current best-sellers, plays the top records and even can give you the current potation on General Motors. As a result she can hold a conversation that makes words sound like music to any man. Combine this with the daziling shape she drapes so well-and you can understand why so many male admirers can't help cottoning up to Cotton.









### To tamper with the raw emotions could be like playing with fire.

66CEX," observed Malcolm Burff, "is making a shambles of this country. It is the cause of all this invenile delinquency we read about It could once the new, untamed generation takes over, even lead to World War III!"

"Yes, father," said Malorie, She said it because she was only fourteen and Malcolm Burff's daughter and because she had been trained to say yes, father, and no, father, upon cue since her mother had died a dozen vears ago.

"Yes, father," said Dick, who was fifteen and, as Malcolm Burif's adopted son for most of his life, had learned the proper cues even better than Malorie.

Malcolm tore to shreds the evening paper whose headlines had set him off on his favorite subject-the Sexual Aberrations of the Coming Generation and How He Would Prevent Malorie and Dick from Joining it in Perdition Even if He Had to Sterilize Them Both. Not that he ever put it quite that bluntly; but both of the children had reached that precociously astute-and somewhat frightening-age that knows more, in many ways, than it ever will again. If Malcolm Burff had guessed how well his children knew him, he would have committed Harl Kirl with his Gillette.

But he was as stupid as they were wise, and he said, "Look around you. This house and this property, a hundred acres, are worth a quarter of a million dollars. The business is worth four times as much, When I die, you two, as my only heirs, stand to share the whole shooting match between you-" he leaned forward in his great wing chair that, like the rest of the furniture in the vast parlor, had survived sixty years of Burffs, and fixed his steely blue eyes on those of his children, "-if you behave

yourselves!"

If, he meant, they remained pure. If they remained virginal.

"Yes, father," said Malorie and Dick in unison, sitting straight and grim in their chairs. The boy was handsome and strong; Mrs. Burff, four years after she realized that she was to have but one child, had insisted on adopting a companion for Malorie. Malorie had grown into-if she had only known it-one of the most beautiful creatures on earth. Long and lithe of limb, her curves, three years beyond puberty, had reached near-perfection. And of all the things in (Cont. on next page)

#### THE TREE HOUSE

this world of which Malcolm Burff was aware, he was aware, most of all, of this. But she was his daughter, and because he could not have her and because of the way he had lived his life, he decided that he would deny to all other men this precious thing that could not be his-at least, while he was alive. Thus, protecting Malorie from the world had become an obsession with him. The hundred-acre estate, shielded from the rest of the New England community by a ten-foot brick wall. contained woodlots, fields, pastures, Chinese and rock gardens-the ideal place to bring up a couple of children. A cunuch-like tutor substituted for the public school system; and occasional journeys to the World Outside were rigidly supervised, usually by Malcolm Burff himself.

Each day, he would make it a point to read aloud, to Maloric and Dick, the newspaper's latest accounts of degeneracy outside the walls of the estate. He especially liked the once that volunteered the more sodid details involving rape and other sex crimes. Since the newspaper generally left too much to the imagination, he had lately take to reading from the various scandial magazines that littered the news-

stands.

Maleoim had considered it a kind of sacred duty to read the Tropic of Cancer to his children. "You see" he thundered, interrupting his reading when halfway through the book, "—this is the way of the wicked world—this is what I intend to save you from!" He resumed reading, his saturnine features ship with persaturnine features ship with per-

saturnine features shiny with perspiration.

"Yes, father," said Malorie and Dick, shivering slightly, their faces expressionless as they stared straight

ahead. Nevertheless, Malcolm continued to worry. The world outside was an attractive place to young people. He knew that, to keep their interest, he would have to make the estate more and more attractive. The swimming pool helped—and the archery range pool helped—and the archery range ever. Malcolm other goodies. However, Malcolm to be required contents.

ously by the children themselves.

That's why he was happy when
they came to him, one day in June,
and asked him to build a tree house.
"A what?" Malcolm was all ready

to be annoyed.

"A tree house," said Malorie, all breathless and bright-need. Behind the work of the control of

added, "We'll call it the Crow's Nest."

Excellent idea, thought Malcolm!

Certainly there could be no more harmless hobby than bird watching, More important, the kids had thought of it themselves; they would

retain their interest longer So, Malcolm Burff built a tree house high in the great oak that dominated the pasture next to his mansion, and when it was built, it was a thing of wonder. It was circular, ten feet across, and furnished like a Swiss chalet, with the oak tree impaling it through the middle. The walls, all screened, could be raised or lowered, depending on the amount of privacy desired and slitlike windows made for ideal bird watching. Access was gained by means of a Jacobs ladder that could be pulled up after reaching the house, thirty feet up.

nouse, turity teet up.

The children hung trays of seed
and net bags of suet outside the tree
house and soon had a tweeting,
whistling, croaking, warbling retimue of feathered visitors by the
gaggle, covey and flock. It made for
a noisier like, sepecially at sunset; it
also made for easier breathing on
the part of Malcolm Burff—he was
sure of his young wards for another
season, at least. Life was good.

To make it better, Malcolm gave Dick his first adolescent "talk" shortly afterward. It was about time, Malcolm figured, although he categorically disapproved of such things. Oh, well, if it was the thing to do, in order to keep up with the twentieth century—

Only, when Malcolm had set Dick down in a remote corner of the big library and stood hemming and hawing, he realized he had nothing to say. Nothing new, anyway. He had already said it, many times, to both Dick and Malorie. So he made this one an illustrated lecture. He showed, on his home screen, a very private movie taken in a house that was not a home. He hadn't shown the movie to anyone else, ever. Malcolm, however, quite frequently, in the late hours, would have his own late, late show, watching such movies again and again. Now, he and Dick viewed it in silence-the opening scenes that showed two men entering a bawdy house, the proposition and arrangements; and then the final saturnalia involving the men and a half dozen girls.

the men and a half doore girls.
Malcolm wiped the perspiration
lights to Three, be therefore, illustration of the
lights to Three, be therefore, illustration of the
degredation to which see or
lead people. The said. "Remember
depended to their frees, the
obvious lack of the their frees, the
obvious lack or seems of the
lity; remember the unhappines that
to temporary sensual joy on the
Remembers—and avoid see as you
would a plage, for such it is!"

would a plague, for such it is!"

Dick had only one question. In a small voice, and not looking at Malcolm, he asked, "Who took the

movie?"

Malcoim drew hinself up straight
and tall. "I did. I consider it a blow
against evil—and I trust it will help
make a man of you. A righteous
man!"

Malcolm stalked grandly from the library. On the terrace, he drew up short. "Hea! Where the hell dyou think you're going?" Malcolm ran across the lawn to the big oak tree. Sheepishly, a young man climbed down from the rope ladder that led down from the rope ladder that led to the tree house. He had been halfway up when Malcolm spotted him. "Sorry," the young man said, with

(Cont. on p. 65)

what Malcolm



Here it is—the
torrid lowdown on
those lasses who
make a business of
mixing in with
the horseplay of
businessmen on the
loose—straight
from a well-played
filly's mouth.

Just give an aut-af-town businessman a few drinks and he finds himself ready for fun and games. Party girls make themselves available to keep festivities at lively pace,



noon meetings for a ramp by the hatel pool. Many girls will farget the pay if they enjoy the play sufficiently.



#### At conventions old buddies get

(Ed. Note: The following is a tape-recorded interview arranged by AGE to reveal the inside story of one of the most active rise groups in America today—the convention party ofthe. The America today—the convention party ofthe. The united convention that by a group of companier in a major American industry. Present were the a major American industry. Present were the subject of the present of the companier in a major American industry. Present were the major from the companier in the companier in

A CE: How does a girl get to be a convention
party girl? How are such girls recruited?

HOSTESS: They are not recruited?

PARTY GIRL: The're not lured into the business. There's no white slavery jazz, or anything like that. Most girls just sort of drift into it one way, or another. It's different for each of them. All I can really say is how I got into it.

ACE: Would you tell us about that, please? PARTY GIRL: Well, I was always the kind of swinger who liked fun and excitement. When I left school and took a job as a salesgirl, I got friendly with other girls like myself. I began going to a lot of parties. One night, one of them asked me to go to this local lodge convention. I went, and it was a ball. I mean, they really swung, I had a good time, but the big surprise came when I was leaving, and the head man slipped me twenty bucks. Later, the girl I'd gone with explained to me that this was usual. It was like a revelation. It was the first time I'd ever been paid for having a good time. When she asked me to go to another one with her-a small-time sales convention this time-I gladly said yes. After that, I began making the convention scene as a regular thing. Once I was in, I began travelling around to make the really big ones.

ACE: How old were you when you started? PARTY GIRL: Well, that was three years ago, so I was just 18.

ACE: And you're 21 now? PARTY GIRL: That's right.

ACE: Just exactly what are your duties at con-

#### together with new playmates.

ventions and similar affairs?

HOSTESS: The girls just help the boys whoop it up.

PARTY GIRL: That's about it.

HOSTESS: It's all in the spirit of fun. ACE: How far does the fun go? Do the girls

have sex relations with the men at these conventions?

HOSTESS: Well now, that's strictly a matter of personal taste; strictly between the individual girl and man involved. ACE: Isn't it a fact that sex is one of the main

things that they're there for? Isn't sex what you mean by fun?

HOSTESS: You know anything that's more fun?

ACE: Nope! But why beat around the bush? Isn't this really a form of prostitution? Aren't these girls really call girls? PARTY GIRL: Watch who you're calling

names! ACE: Isn't it a fact that they go to bed with men

for money?

HOSTESS: That's not strictly true.

PARTY GIRL: If you'll get off your high horse for a minute, I'd like to explain how I look at it. First of all, what's wrong with money? Personally, I'm very fond of it. You know anybody who isn't, yourself included?

ACE: No. PARTY GIRL: So okay, If some John hands me a twenty, or a fifty because he had a good time and I had a good time, what's wrong with that? Honestly. I enjoy most of these conventions as much as the guys who go to them. I've met some awfully nice guys; usually they're in a happy, party mood; and generally they're pretty open-handed with the loot. But get one thing straight. It isn't all sex by a long shot. Many a guy just wants a pretty girl to talk to, or to dance with, or to impress the rest of the boys, or liven up a dinner with a customer, or something like that. Sure, I go to bed with some of them. But I can truthfully say I never made it with a man I didn't want to make it with. That's the difference between girls like me and prostitutes.

ACE: Isn't that splitting hairs? Essentially, what you're doing is just as immoral.

HOSTESS: It's been my ex- (Cont. on p. 74)



In the evening the frolicking which begins in the bollroom is tome, compared to what goes on later in the hotel rooms. The boll is never over for businessmen on the town.



When this good-notured loss curived in the movie copitol it didn't toke long for folks to develop o preference for her.

Soothsayers see a big acting future in front of Lisa Mathews, the girl on this issue's cover. She is so likeable, anything said of her can't help but be soothing,



Heights, Ohlo, where she ocquired her preference for swimming in pools thon in neorby Loke Erie.

... ylgnimmiwz gnolp gnittəg



After starring in little theatre productions around Cleveland, Lisa became fired of being a "big fish in a small pond." Experts say she has all the ability she needs to put the motion into motion pictures.



Giuseppina Grassini was the top soprano of her day—and when milady wasn't trilling, one could find her thrilling the two most exciting

"spear carriers" of the period.

# THE BEAUTY WHO ROMPED WITH

# WELLINGTON AND

IN JUNE of 1815 all Europe humb breathlessly on the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo. There were no fence-sitters on the continent; each man and woman's lot was cast with either Napoleon or Wellington, for French greatness and European unity, or for national self-determination and an end to military conquest. No one could afford to stay alsoff from the hattle, for its resolution would will be used to be supported by the support of the s

with one exception:

The exception was a beautiful, slender, darkhaired, full-bosomed lady who, at the very moment that the battle was joined, was stretching cat-like under an ornate boudoir canopy in a Paris mansion, debating with herself whether to ring for breakfast, or to shate first. He appetite won out, and when her breakfast tray was brought, there was a bulletin alongside the plate of brioches, informing her that Napoleon and Wellington were met in mortal combat. She emiled to herself surely the only one in all Paris to greet the news with a smill—and trilled a scale ending with a true, pure and sweet note worthy of a mockingbird.

There may have been more than a hint of mockery in the note. Europe may have agreed that the battle was being waged for a determination of military, political and economic supremacy, but to the beauty sipping her coffee, it was



# NAPOLEON

merely a way of determining which of two famous heads would lie beside hers on the lacy pillow of her bed. To her, Napoleon and Wellington were simply two naughty boys fighting over candy that had been tasted and then taken away by circumstance. And she was the candy.

Her name was Giuseppina Grassini. She was the prima sopraso of the famous La Scala Opera. In Millan. For the past few years she had been commuting between La Scala and the Paris Opera. House, where critics had acclaimed her as "the finest soprano heard in France since before the Revolution." The Farisian public adored her. And when it became common goosip that she had been the mistress of both the Emperor Napolon and his arch-enemy, the Duke of Wellington, the public merely winked and smiled and admired her all the more.

Such admiration was nothing new to Giuseppina. She had known it from calidation when she used to sing solos in the church choir of her nutive village of Castanan. Italy. It was here, when she was fourteen years old, that an official of La Scale heard her and arranged with her parents to have her come to Milan training under the amplies and the suppression of the control of the c

That star was shining even more brightly in 1979 when Glussppins first met Napoleon Bonsparte. She was just 24 years old when the "Liberator" of Italy arrived in Milan for a breather between military campaigns. It was a well-earned breather, for Rome had just ceded the provinces of Bologns, Ferara and Romagns to his rule. The city of Milan greeted him as a popular bero.

city of Milan greeted miles as a joyen city fathers pay him than to arrange most Milan greated miles as a possible miles and taken and t

"The General complimented Mme, Grassini on her singing," wrote Berthier, "and then poured some champagne for himself and her. He banded her the glass and a few drops spilled into the cleft of the rather low-cut bodice she was wearing. With an apology for his clumsiness, he dabbed at the liquid with a lace handkerchief, expressing concern over the posibility that her dress might be stained beyond repair. Mme. Grassini assured him that it was a matter of no consequence and then reassured him of this by grasping his hand betweens hers and pressing it to the uncovered portion of her bosom. Napoleon looked at her for a long moment and then, without moving either his eyes or his hand, he said: 'You may leave us now, Berthier.' I obeyed and went straight to my quarters and to sleep. Towards dawn I was awakened by a servant with a message from Napoleon bidding me see (Cont. on next page)

#### THE BEAUTY WHO ROMPED WITH WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON

Mme. Grassini to her home. We traveled in a closed carriage and made casual conversation, but I could not help but notice that she wore a different frock from the one which

had been stained." The "different freek" undoubtedly, came from the wardrobe which Napoleon carried with him for use by the two mistresses who had accompanied him throughout the Italian campaign. A French girl and a Spanish girl, both had been sharing his bed regularly, and, from documented reports, often at the same time. Also during this period he was carrying on a love affair by mail with his bride. Josephine Beauharnais the infamous French courtesan whose marriage to him the year before had almost wrecked his career before it started. Three amorous involvements might have seemed enough for an ordinary man but history tells us that Napoleon was no ordinary man.

He was as aggressive in his sex life as in his military campaigns. Involvements didn't frighten him. He remained involved for as long as he pleased and then became disengaged with determined finality whenever he chose. And that's how his initial affair with Giuseppina went.

His aides report her presence in the castle and in his boudoir on many occasions following that first one. Then, abruptly, she was seen no more on the premises. At the same time, his French mistress and his Spanish mistress were sent packing to their respective homes. Behind these events lay the imminent arrival of Josephine berself at Monte-

bello. It was after she got there that Napoleon made certain arrangements involving his former operation bedmate which might be construed as adding insult to injury. Writing of this interlude with Josephine, his biographer Emil Ludwig describes it this way: "Occasionally he steals time for a brief love festival. They drive across to Lake Maggiore; and when among the rhododendron bushes beneath the baroque stone edifices on Isola Bella, Grassini, the heroine of La Scala, uplifts her thrilling voice and sings an appassionata by Monteverde, Napoleon sits wrapped in thought, his companion's

hand clasped in his own." What Giuseppina's thoughts may have been as she warbled 'mongst the rhododendrons for the entertainment of her former lover and his wife may only be guessed at. Whatever they were, they must have been even stronger as she watched them drive away, locked in a clinch which another adjutant of Napoleon described thusly: "In the carriage he would take marital liberties which were apt to be rather embarrassing to Berthier and me." And how much more em-

barrassing to his watching mistress! The embarrassment of the serenades was brought to an end when Napoleon, without even bothering to bid her farcwell, left Milan with Josephine. It was three years before Giuseppina saw him again and the interim changed her from a hero-worshipping girl to a sophisticated and calculating woman. Their second meeting took place when Napoleon returned to Milan in 1800, after his victory at Marengo had solidified his position as Consul General of France. He went to La Scala to hear her sing and after the performance be called on her in her dressing room. Following a preliminary conversation, he signalled an aide to bring some champagne and then leave him alone with the opera star. What followed was described by Giusennina in a letter to a friend with whom she had taken her training at La Scole "I bade the General let me nour

the wine, reminding him of his carelessness upon our first meeting "He laughed, then looked at me in his compelling way and commented that if he remembered aright, the results of that mishap had been quite enjoyable. njoyanie. "'Rvidently not so enjoyable as to

make your greatness tarry,' I told "My coquettery obviously amused

him. 'Alas, one of my more regrettable mistakes' he sold "It may be rectified,' I murmured.
"Like this?' He embraced me.

"I must tell you, Gins, that he is not like other men. There, in that grimy dressing room backstage at La Scala, I was surely made love to by a god from Olympus. No mere man bore me to the floor and tossed my skirts up to the heights of passion. As it had been three years past, the experience was overwhelming. I do not speak of love, mind you, only

"It was all I could do to regain my wits when it was over. Somehow I managed. 'And now you will desert me again?' I asked him. " I must return to Paris,' he answered. But then why should you

ecstasy

not come with me?" "And so I have, Gina. I sing now in the Paris Opera House, and Napoleon visits me frequently. I have been well-received by critics and audiences. There is talk that my lover may soon be crowned Emperor! But were he a chimney-sweep, my thighs would still grow warm and weak at the remembrance of his embraces."

Alas, following Napoleon's coronation four years later, Giuseppina was left almost wholly dependent upon such 'remembrances.' His career of conquest was fully launched, and his visits to Paris became infrequent She went back to Milan, only returning to Paris to meet him occasional-

Meanwhile, he gave the Italian beauty much cause for bitternesshitterness which in fairness was undoubtedly assuaged by the generous gifts of iewels and furs he periodically showered upon her. In the wake of his military conquests, news of one amour after another recahed Giusenpina. There was the Viennese Countess who sneaked past the barricades to share his tent while he laid siege to the city. There was the Netherlands wench who shared his rooms at the coronation of his brother Louis as King of Holland and got him in dutch with Josephine. There was even another Italian girl in Naples and in an interlude be spent there in 1808 he split his time between her and Giuseppina. And finally in 1810, he divorced the barren Josephine to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Austria, and temporarily ended his liaison with Giuseppina.

But he didn't end his amorous career. Far from it. He was off for Russia, and en route he became deeply involved with a Polish Countest and later, during the 1812 retreat, he still managed to have casual affairs with the wife of a German diplomat and the daughter of a Polish general who had defected to his cause. Europe buzzed almost as much about his amatory exploits as about his recent

disastrous military ventures. At this time, however, amours were concerned, the French conqueror was sharing the spotlight with an enemy. The Duke of Wellington-an Irishman who'd made his career in the English army in much the same manner that Napoleon, a Corsican, had succeeded in the French army - was cutting both a romantic and military swath through Europe to rival Napoleon's.

The amatory aspects of Wellington's career had first attracted attention in 1807, when Napoleon was still (Cont. on page 60)



## THE JOKER'S GEMS

Harry was looking glum when his pal Joe found him in the bar. "What's the matter?" Joe asked. "You having trouble at home?"

"That's only the half of it," replied the downcast man. "Not only that hut my mistress has been on my hack lately. First my wife tells me she wants this, then she wants that. Then my mistress tells me she wants this and she wants that. I'll bet I'm the only man in town who's getting stereophonic negging."

There's a rumor going around Hollywood that they're planning to remake Snow White and the Seven Dearfs and call it I Was The Bighth Man In Her Life.

A very wealthy and very shapely brunette called at the hospital to visit her ailing chauffeur. The nurse who was reluctant to let the heiress into the patient's room said, "He's very sick. We're going to have to limit visits. Are you his wife?" "Better than that," replied the heiress. "I'm his mistress."

Two matrons, both hefty battle axes, stood before a bookstore, looking at a volume, titled How to Drive Your Husband to An Early Grave.

"Heavens!" exclaimed one to the other. "Such a book I wouldn't want to read. I have a system of my own."

One of Hollywood's more famous actors had a penchant for making his wife jealous. He would try to do this in many ways, some subtle.

The morning following a wild party, he was up to his old tricks. "Tell me, dear," he asked, "was that you I kissed on the patio?" His wife, her dander up, replied, "About what time, dear?"

An American tourist on the loose in Paris decided to provid the streets of the Left Bank. After walking for almost an hour, he noticed a shapely lass giving him the eye. He said to her, "Parlez yous Francais?" "No," she replied, "I'm afraid I

don't speak French."
"I'm sorry," he told her. "If I don't
find a girl who speaks French, what
can we talk about after we make

At a cocktail party, one of Hollywood's most oft-wedded stars ran into a voluptuous damsel who greeted him, "Darling, it's so good to see you again."

He did a double-take and stared blankly. "Don't you remember me?" she asked. "Ten years ago you asked me to marry you."
"And did 1?" he replied.

\* \* \*

A married man, enjoying a night away from the wife, met a delectable blonde whom he wined and dined for the evening. When it was time for him to drive her home, he found it snowing heavily. They drove a couple of miles and discovered the frost was overly thick on the windshield.

The blonde tactfully made a suggestion: "Don't you think it might help if we stopped and cleaned the windshield?"
"What's the use?" replied the unhappy man on the town. "I left my

giasses at home."

"Dommit, mon! Don't you know ony jokes for mixed company?"



UNCOVERING AMERICA'S SHAPELIEST WHITE COLLAR GIRLS!

ACE's nation-wide survey of lasses who cheer up a 9-to-5 day reveals they have even more to offer after hours.











Georgina Howard (left), bookkeeper for a Boston florist, blooms under a shower during off bours. Mia Tinsley, a clerk for a Cincinnati 10ap firm, enjoys relaxing in a bathtub. It makes ber bubble with delight.





Los Angeles script girl Cynthia Thatcher (left) looks as though she should be in a script herself. Thea Laws, a government clerk in Washington, demonstrates her own unique way of painting the town after she leaves office.

Though the general office routine may be dull, the shape of things to come holds promise for firms hiring beauties like those on these pages.





When the ine't making hap, Nathville travel agent Judy Mencken is out pitching it, while Jean Beaumont, receptionist for a Louiseille distiller, finds rearranging her apartment's farniture puts her in top spirits.





F PETER PAN were a higater, he'd be somewhat like Arnie Creaspatch of Course there'd have to be a few dashes of Sammy Gilck and one or two substantial spoensful of Mrs. Malaprop to really capture Arnie's flavor. And what with that creap kind of integrity that marked the 19th Century Transcendentialists sculpping the edges of this character, the idea of breaking down its components sort of falls spart. He was a child of our time, an enjoint and the spart is well in group milest to was Arnie Crosspatch—and that says if the Crosspatch—and the Crosspatch—and that says if the Crosspatch—and the Crosspa

Arnie had been hired for the job by the film's director who had worked with him before and who liked throwing such assignments to Arnie because he knew from past experience that what Arnie lacked in photographic artistry he more than made up for with his induced by the such as the such as the such as the such as the implementing them. Arnie needed no direction; he took the called-for aboth by rote and was well aware of what was required.

The producer of this particular movie was a stranger to Arale and, according to the director, a mere figure-head fronting for some wealthy Canadian who had put up the money for the production. Arnie had met him while he was shooting out in Jersey, but they'd pretty much ignored one another. So, Arnie was all the more surround his neck one afternoon at the Tumble Inn.

The Tumble was Arnie's hangout. A lot of the chicks he sbot, as well as many other people he did business with also hung out at the Tumble. It was like a second office to him. (Conf. on p. 70)

## NUDIE-VILLE

FICTION BY TED MAR



An over-30 former glamor queen proves that "old" sirens can hum as sweetly as they ever could.







Waking up, feeling tired and run-down, is enough to cause any girl concern. But in the case of lovely Mattie Stone, it only starts her looking for new methods of...







### **Keeping the Doctor Away**

Mattie's book of home remedies is full of advice she'd just rather not follow. So she came up with a diet cure that gives plenty of food for thought. Turn page.





This beauty who'd be the apple of any man's eye discovered the truth about an apple a day. Now she feels frisky as ever. Yet, one sad thought comes to mind. Pity the poor doctor who has been denied the joy of doctoring a maid like Mattie.



According to Greek mythology the opple had a special effect on the goddesses, and from the way it works on Mattie, the myth seems to show lots of truth.

Saphisticates may scaff at Mattie's cure; the idea would put doctors in stitches. Yet, there's only one answer—it's the result that counts. This glamorous loss is hoppy because her treatment's also a treat.

# The New Drug That Turns Cowards Into Heroes



BY SAM D. BAXTER

#### A combination of three amazing chemicals which control the

A T LONG LAST, modern science is catching up with the witches, sorcerers and folk healers of the Middle Ages and before. Today, there is a new drug that can turn cowards into heroes.

new arug that can turn cowares into Seroes.

The result of more than ton years of biochemical search with the drawn creently underseast tests by the search of the drawn of the drawn of the drawn. The United States military is quick to apply nearly every new product of pharmaceutical manufacturers to its own experiments, using human guinea pigs, and in this instance the results were remarkable. "We gave prescribed doses to

our subjects," said one officer, "and we found that in every instance they thought that Army life was wonderful, that the food was the most delicious they've ever eaten—and in battle maneuvers, they

reacted with clarity, precision and seithout fear."
The drug is a combination of three basic inequicidents—a tranquilizer to calm the subject's nerves; a mood elevant to make him feel jovial and active; and a disinhibitant to remove his mental blocks. It comes under many different names and is comprised of different ingredients, all acting in the same way to produce the same results.



### mind can change any GI into a braver, more efficient fighter.

Actually, this miracle drug was synthesized by accident, with the three ingredients being discovered independently for different purposes.

The tranquilizing element, chlorpromazine, was produced out of a scientific euroloxy about the famous happiness drug of India, known as Rauwofia. The mood elevators, derivatives of iproniazid, were produced when it was found that this drug, originally used to treat tuberculosis victima, also caused patients to become cherrul and euphoric. The dishibilitants have always been around (the mildest example of such chemical is alcohol); scientisks

today use small amounts of opium derivatives, such as dilaudid, to achieve longer-lasting and less harmful results.

The big psycho-chemical bustout began about ten years ago with the development of chlorpromatine, a refimement of Rauwolfa, the "happiness drug" that had been used in India for centuries. The tre-mendous marketing potentialities were quickly realized, and manufacturing chemists lost no time in searching for other drugs that could control the mind, producing in the user a state of well-being. Once on the trail, research (Cont. next psyc)

Once on the tra

5

#### THE NEW DRUG THAT TURNS COWARDS INTO HEROES

representatives of the chemical companies booked passage on jet liners to make contact with leading folk healers in all parts of the world. They took an interest in the Arabs' use of kief which is derived from the female flower of the hemp plant and is known by different names in the many countries where it is employed. We know it as marijuana which has acquired a notorious reputation in legal circles, a factor that detracts from its scientific and research value. In Mexico there was the happy peyote cactus which yields the hallucinating chemical, mescaline, which makes life seem beautiful.

Mexico, also a land of unhappy souls, features another popular item called "magic mushrooms." The wonder chemical in these Mexican jumping dreams is psilocybin which whips up first-class hallucinations. While the mushrooms taste absolutely foul, the chemical working agent does not. The hallucinations which last for many hours produce visions of intense ecstasy, as any of its users will attest-anything from flying flocks of flamingos to harems of nude beauties ready to please its psilocybin master. Later, however, all is not perfect joy. There may be after-effects which might well include headaches, nausea, dizziness and a feeling of fear which borders on nure terror.

Aside from jet plane trips the research people further tracked down the clues of history. In medieval Europe not only was chivalry in flower, but also such plants (Solanaceae genre) as belladonna, thorn apple and henbane. All these were favorites of sorcerers, witches, magicians and early mixed-up physicians. Any recipe for a respectable witches brew always began with these three. to which was added equal parts of water, cat entrails and bat blood. People who drank the brew proved no longer cowards, saw illusions and in many cases claimed to have learned to fly

As for motical practitioners, the controversial physician - magician, Paracelsus (1493-1521), is credited for the introduction of laudanum and various alcohol extracts. Laudanum is an opium drug. Alcohol which predates Paracelsus is one of man's early discoveries for getting happy. Technically both are classed as dissinhibiting drugs of which there

are now many being used in medicine. In some primitive cultures, happiness inducers have been employed in connection with religious rites such as those conducted by the Navajo Indians to induce cestatic visions. These very same drugs, unyout the control of the

heroin and marijuana. Modern scientists, however, are not interested in either the mystical or "kick" aspects of psycho drugs. Instead they are concerned with using these chemicals to find out how the brain works, toward achieving two results—to aid the mentally disturbed and to control the mind and personality structure

for the benefit of the individual. Tranquilizers like rauwolfa, combined with psycho energizers like iproniazid, have dramatically aided the mentally ill, even to the extent of unlocking asylum doors for patients diagnosed as incurable. Yet, it has been found that what when the properties of the properties of the ingly beneficial effects on those who are normal.

As in most neurotics, anxiety and depression are the twin plaques in the emolonal makeup of the normal control of the neuronal control of the neuronal neurona neuron

Thus, science enters into a pursuit which is not unlike a super whodunit. The job is to use certain chemicals, about which we know little, in order to learn something about the inner function of the brain

of which we know even far less. We know this much about he brain: It functions through a form of electrical energy called "minimpower." This electrical energy passes by impulses through the vast network of the nervous system. The aguite measurable, is believed to be entirely produced by chemical actions that take place inside the brain cells.

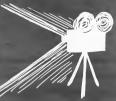
Since our brain probers believe that every emotion, reflex and voluntary or involuntary control of the body by the brain is caused by chemical action, therefore to control the brain or to understand it, one must be acquainted with its chem-

The accidental discovery of the hallucinogen LSD-25, affectionately called just plain LSD, set off one of the most intense explorations of the secrets of the brain. Mainly because LSD (d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate) did not produce as many of the unwanted side effects as did the mescalines, psylocibins, scopolamines and others. Moreover, LSD had a kick to it which was something to behold-bigger and better hallucinations in brighter technicolor! LSD is derived from a black fungus called ergot which grows on rve heads. In the middle ages in Europe, when rye flour was the staple in bread making, ergot often caused insanity and a disease which produced gangrene in the hands and feet of its victims. Later, with chemical refinement ergot was used to treat excessive bleeding, migraine headaches and to induce labor in child birth. Dr. John Stearns, the first president of the New York Academy of Medicine introduced ergot in 1807 as an aid in child birth. Stearns said of ergot at that time: "The modus operandi I feel incompetent to explain . . . I was informed of the powerful effects of this article, in the hands of some ignorant Scotch woman, in the

country of Washington."

In 1947 Dr. Albert Hoffman, a researcher for a Swiss drug house accidentally concocted LSD-28. He was extracting lysergic acid from ergot and trying to do something with it. He was routinely additionable themicals to form new compounds. He accidentally acid it until later that day. Time and ((Cont. on, 58)





# Candied Camera







which is my good side?"

#### LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

(Continued from page II)

want you. And I've faced it. You've convinced me that there is absoluteby no reason why I should deny you, or myself any longer. Tonight's the night and I'm as eager for it as you

He looked at her adoringly. "No regrets about that missing ring on

your finger?"

"I can wait for the ring until you finish law school and can support me and the six fat kids we're going to have in the manner to which I intend to grow accustomed. But I intend to grow accustomed. But I can't wait to have you. I volve you."
Julia got up, walked over to him, bent over and kissed him on the lips. bent over and kissed him on the lips. bent over and kissed him on the lips. better the embrace. "You can have you was to be upon the can be the can

erant and friendly.

"We're going to have to do something about your timing, Doctor,"
'Julis giggled and preceded him into
the inner office. He closed the door
behind her and crossed over to take
the property of the safety of the
settled on bock of her as show
settled on the safety of the
settled on the safety of the
settled on the safety of the
settled on which is the sectlaimed.

"What's the matter," Dr. Antur's

voice was even.
"I just realized why it's so familiar."

"What?"
"Love is a six-letter word."

"Go on."
"You won't approve."
"You know I don't make judgments," he said patiently. "Go on."
"It's just that I had this dream

"It's just that I had this dream that was like a premonition—and that's not exactly according to Freud, is it?"

"Tell me about it and we'll see".

"Love is a six-letter word ..."

She began rather vaguely. "I was
doing a crossword puzzle in your
doing a crossword puzzle in your
to Roger. It had a familiar ring to
Roger. It had a familiar ring to
Roger. It had a familiar then too,
me—it sounded familiar then too,
me—it had a decream is a
lay down why ... Just now,
ized what it was. I had a dream last
inglat and it woke me up. I found
myself repeating that phrase over
all-all the control of the control of the control
myself repeating that plrase over
all-all the control." If ... Love is a
six-letter word."

"Tell me about the dream."
"I don't remember any of it except that phrase . . . Wait, that's not true . . . I do remember . . . Some of

it, anyway. "
"Tell me what you remember."
"It's embarrassing, because it's awfully sexy... And—Oh! I recall the whole pattern now. It's repetitious. I mean, it was as though I had the same dream over again—and then again. Only it was different each time." Julia laughed nery-

ously. "I guess my subconscious must be running out of originality." Dr. Antun smiled. "You're not painting a masterpiece; just relating a dream."

a dream."
"You mean I don't have to prove

anything with it."
"That's right."

"Dreams don't have to be smoothed, and rounded off—or even completed like a crossword puzzle." This time Julin's laugh was less nervous, more self-indulgent. "All right then Patterned or not, here

Julia paused as if she wasn't sure how to continue. "Ridiculously how?" Dr. Antun's voice was soft.

voice was soft.

''Over Roger's shoulder I was doing this crossword puzzle . . ."

"I see."

"I mean I was really doing it.

I had my arms around him and the puzzle in one hand and a pencil in the other and I was filling in the words . . It he began getting more and more passionate and so did I and just as we were about to—to—well, you know—I started this hysterical conversational bit and it built up a line cray third of way—like most one of the sex we were having. "I said: 'Love is a six-letter word.' "Erotle, Neger said.

"The letters are wrong."
"How about sexual?"
"No. I was crying now, but

"No.' I was crying now, but everything was even more frenzied than before. That's not right either.'

I told him.
"'Libido."
"'No!"

"'Yes!'
"'No! No! No!'
"'Why not?' Roger was very an-

Libido! Libido!

noyed and angry now.
"It won't fit! It won't fit! It won't fit! I was screaming and pummeling him with my fists.
"But he kept insisting. 'Libido!

"Then it all sort of dissolved. It was like a whirling TV screen, with the crossword puzzle looming up in front of my face and about to suffocate me. And then I was whirling with it, holding onto it for dear life, and Roger was gone, and all I kneep.

was that I didn't dare let go of the crossword puzzle."

"And then you woke up?" Dr. Antun had been jotting notes down on his pad, but now he paused to let Julia know he had caught up with her.

"No, that's what's so peculiar. I didn't wake up. In a way, the same dream started all over again. Only

dream started all over again. Only it was different . . . "Different how?" "This whirling stopped and I was lying on the bed in Roger's room

again. Only this time I was dressed. We were both dressed. Roser was just beginning to make love to me. He was kissing my neck. His fingers were fumbling at the buttons on my blouse. Again I was responding. I slid my hand inside his shirt and played with the hair on his chest. I could tell that excited him. He was trying to slide down my bra strap and to bury his face between my breasts at the same time. I took my hand out of his shirt and stroked the back of his neck. Then I reached behind me and tried to undo the snap that fastened my bra. It was difficult and finally I realized why I was having so much trouble. I was trying to do everything with one hand because in my other hand, over Roger's shoulder, I was clutching that crossword puzzle. Finally I managed to get my bra loose and Roger slid it aside to caress me. This aroused me, but suddenly I became aware that now my other arm encircled him too and grasped in the hand was a pencil. I was trembling with desire, but all the time my eyes were riveted on that crossword puzzle and again it seemed to actually become the sexual experience itself-instead of the distraction which logically I suppose it should have been.

"I was panting. 'Love is a sixletter word,' I said.
"'It's a 'four-letter word,' Roger

said.
"'A six-letter word."
"'A four-letter word! Spelled
backwards. It's evol."

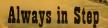
"Love is evol,' I repeated. Love is evol.' Roger's fingers were like fire as he pushed my slip up over my thighs. But I need a six-letter word,' I told him. My voice was whining, but it was a mean of desire at the same time.

"'A six-letter word,' he said urgently. 'Female.'
"'Everything's in the wrong

place.'
"'Guilty.' Now he was savage.
"'Never!'

"Then sinful. That's it! Sinful."
"It can't be. Roger. It can't be!
I was crying now and I wanted to stop him because he was teering at the elastic on my panties and I had to finish the puzzle before I — we— snyway, I knew teering, but he wouldn't litten. Then everything began spinning again and I was holding on to the puzzle

(Cont. on page 58)





Shades of Isadora Duncan! Today it's nubile Natasha, who's giving dancing the biggest bounce to the ounce...





Considered a revalutionary, Natasha has interpreted works of tap modern composers.





Sinuous, sensuous and sprightly, Natasha has added a new look to an old art form. Is it any wonder that this beauty has been getting so much "ballet-hoo?"



Like many of her contemporaries Notasha stays in shape by daing Yoga and other Oriental exercises. This way she's always sure to be well-oriented to giving a top show.

FICTION BY MORTON



# W Al

When a gorgeous-

AKED

looking

OD

SHE'S GORGEOUS, I tell you.

But the woman's a complete kook!" Bill Massinger's face was white and shaken. "I ought to know about kooks, after all. I was married

to three of them."

I looked through the haze, smoke and alcoholic furnes to the section of the room at which Bill was pointing. There was only one girl there who could be described as gorgeous: She had the most fascinating face I had ever seen in my life and, as my the county of the section of the sectio

As I watched, the face turned slowly in our direction. A delightful smile played over it.

"She's coming here," Bill said. "I know the signs." "Yes. Isn't it wonderful?"

He stiffened. "I'm leaving. If you're as smart as I think you are, you'll come along—that is, while you still can."

Bill was a very good friend of mine, but somehow I was not too interested in trying to talk him into staying or even in watching him while he fled. I was far too involved with the remarkable undulations of the woman as she walked across

One can learn a lot about girls by watching them cross rooms; and I was able to gain some vital information about this one. For example, I ascertained that there was nothing at all underneath the tight, black sheath dress she had on except her! And if that sin't an important fact,

I don't know what is.
"Hi, there," she said, as she

stopped and stood there with her motor still running. I was still taking in her curves

and was almost too wrapped up in my study to answer. "Oh, hi," I finally stammered.

"What's wrong with your friend?" she asked. "Doesn't be like girls?" "What?"

"What?"
"There are boys who don't like girls, you know," she said, patiently. "Is he one of them?"

"Oh. No. He...he just got divorced," I finished, lamely.
"Ah, that must explain it."
"Explain what?"

"I just asked him to do a tiny little favor. Most fellows are very happy to do me little favors. But he ran away." She pouted.

"He's a cad," I confided.

"But I can see that you're not,"
she said, her eyes growing soft and
misty. "You wouldn't refuse a favor

if I asked it?"

"How could I?" I replied,
promptly. "Who would you like
murdered?"

"It's pathing like that" she

smiled. "I told you that it's just a little favor. I felt vaguely disappointed. "Then, perhaps you'd like a mountain climbed or an ocean swum?"

"Not exactly..."
"Tell me whet you want. Just make it something hard, I beg you."
She smiled, again, and it may have been the liquor, but I was sure that I heard the sound of soft strings and tinkling bells underneath the blaring, old-fashioned and the sound of the

"Yes," I replied, a bit uncertain.
"Well, my little boy dropped a
package in it and I promised him

package in it and I promised him I'd get it out."

My heart dropped with a thud.
"You have a son." I said stunidly.

"You have a son," I said stupidly.
"That means you're married, huh?"
"In a way. I mean I am, but my
husband and I have an arrangement.
He has his private life and I have
mine. Things are so much neater
that way, don't you think?"

"Oh, indubitably," I answered, wondering what kind of nut this husband was. If I had a girl wbo looked like this at home, I wouldn't let her out of my bedroom.

"What sort of a package is it?"

I asked cautiously. On second thought, I remembered that understanding husbands sometimes have the annoying habit of popping up when they are least expected and proving not so understanding, after all.

"Just some arrows." she said.

"And a cute little bow to go with them."

"Oh, does your little boy like archery?"

"Yes. He's very fond of it. But these bappen to be very special arrows, and if somebody else found them it would be terrible."

"I see." I spoke in what I hoped

was a soothing tone. "Well, why don't we wait until tomorrow to find them? It's against the law to go into the park at night, you know. The police reserve it for teen-age gangs. It gives them a spot to work off their excess energies."

She looked at me scornfully and tears began to form in the corners of those (Continued on next page)

kook causes a normal, healthy male to lose his mind, watch out!

# **DESS ON THE LOOSE**

#### NAKED GODDESS ON THE LOOSE

marvelous eyes, "The law," she sniffed, "And you spoke about climbing mountains. Isn't there any chivalry left in the soul of modern

That cut me. Suddenly I didn't give a damn shout her husband, the police or anything else. No matter how screwy her requests, I was her hoy. "I'll do it," I announced, squaring my shoulders.

"I just knew you would," she whispered. I gulped and took her arm, "I

never did catch your name," I said. "It's Venus." "Venus what?" "Just plain Venus. You know:

The goddess of love." Now, I never claimed to have the genius of an Einstein or the deductive powers of Sherlock Holmes' brother, Mycroft. But I can add two and two. As soon as I did, I knew what Bill Massinger meant when he called the lady a kook. Nine out of ten men, in fact, would have fol-

lowed Bill's lead, right then, and ran like hell. I turned out to be the tenth. This was not only because she was so heautiful - though that in itself would have kept me there-

hut the truth was that I made a tentative decision to believe her! In my days as a party-goer, I had seen too many strange people show. up at late hour bashes to reject her claim out of hand. Once, I'd even met a girl who claimed to be Pallas Athena - though that is another story. In addition to that, I didn't see how anything so fantastic-looking as this dame could tell anything hut the absolute truth.

So, if she said she was Venus. I would take her word for it. At least, until she proved otherwise. And have you ever considered how difficult it would be for a girl to prove she izn't Venus? "How are things on Olympus?" I

asked, playing it cool, "Dull. What do you think I'm doing down here?" She had me there. Without

another word I took her arm and led her out of the stuffy if sirconditioned apartment into the warm summer night for adventure. "If you're Venus." I said, once we were on the street, "your little boy must be Cupid."

"That's right." "And those arrows ..."

"Exactly. I'd hate to think about what might bappen if they started flying around, hitting people. Not that it might not he fun to watchhut we Olympians like to call our shots."

I nodded. There was only one thing to do. Go to the lake in the park and look for them. Not that I really expected to find anything. But the fact that I was right there helping her look might put my tame goddess in the mood to do me a good turn.

I hailed a cab and told the driver where we wanted to go. "Huh? Are you two crazy or

something?" "What's wrong?" "I wouldn't he caught dead in that place after dark."

"No one's asking you to. Just drop us off and leave." "You're right, I'll leave!"

"The man has no soul," Venus murmured. The driver turned his head. "Why do you want to insult me, lady?" he said. "That's not a nice thing to do." "I'm sorry," said Venus, contritely. For a goddess, she had a

very tender nature. "Gee. Just hecause I'm a cab driver ... " He turned around again to hunch over the steering wheel. "If they're crazy, I get them," he muttered. "Last night some broad wants to elope with me-and now

this." The cabbie let us off just a short distance from the lake and then took off like he was practicing to enter a drag-race. We walked across the field that separated the lake from the road that makes a wide circle inside the park.

I heard sounds like crickets and metling leaves that seem so odd to hear in the middle of a city. The farther we got from the road, the greater my feeling grew that we were in hostile territory.

"Spooky, isn't it?" I said.

"I think it's kind of fun," she replied, taking my hand, I was about to admit that she had a point, after all, when some silent figures loomed around us in the

night. "Look! A pair of love-bolds," one of them said in a nasty and uncultured voice.

As I peered closer, I could see that there were about a dozen of them - all teen-age boys and all dangerous-looking. There was just enough light to make out the word "KILLERS" stitched across their T-shirts.

"Let's have some fun with that dish," another voice, just as nasty as the first, suggested,

"Keep firm bold of your flery temper." Venus hissed in my ear. "Before you slay them, let me first try gentler methods."

I agreed. The last creature I had slain was a house-fly, and it had taken me eighteen swats with a flyswatter to do that. Then I realized that she thought I was shaking out of anger.

"You must be the Killers," Venus said in her most seductive voice. "Yeah, hahy, You hold of us?" "Just ten minutes ago we came across a group of boys who were

saying the silliest things about the Killers." "Like what?" The question was asked in hard, flat tones.

"You know, Silly things, Like you are all sissies . . . " "Who said that?" "Now, let me think . . . "

"The Phantoms?" "Yes! The Phantoms. I'm sure it was them."

"Let's get those creeps! We'll kill 'em!" "Yeah! We'll be back, lady,"

They disappeared. "That was a dirty trick," I said. "But in a good cause."

We walked down to the side of the lake. "Now, just where did those arrows fall in?" I asked. "In the middle. He was flying over the lake doing loop-the-loops to impress a little dryad when he lost them. He can be a naughty little hoy." . (Cont. on p. 68)

THE PROS HAVEN'T LOST THAT COLLEGE SPIRIT, BUT NOWADAYS THEY HAVE THEIR OWN SPRITES.

PRO FOOTBALL'S "HOMECOMING" QUEENS



choice to lead the parade in lianizing the Lians.



Green Bay's Dadie Clark is a neat package of femininity to welcome home the Packers.



Who could blome Clevelanders for making layely Ann Smallwood toost of the Browns?



Talented Cynthia Roeves of San Francisca proves herself to be a galden selection as a hamecoming queen of the Farty-Niners.



Dawn Dallas way, falks there'd be mighty smart to lassa curvy Jane Wynn as tap greeter of Cawbays.



In the City of Bratherty Lave, lavable Mimi Sinclair is a natural as queen. She's a chick wha's just wild about the Eagles.



#### LOVE IS A SIX-LETTER WORD

and Roger was gone and there was only the puzzle, with the black squares making a design that was like a face that was leering at me and then trying to kiss me and then enveloping me. I was so frightened

(Continued from page 48)

and I couldn't seem to stop whirling around ..." "Now. now." Dr. Antun said. "there's no need to get upset. Just tell me what happened then, Julia." Julia took a deep, quivering breath. "Then it all started over again. Only again it was different from the first two times. The spinning slowed down and I had the crossword puzzle in my hand and I was sitting at the kitchen table in Roger's apartment very calmly and filling in the words very

quickly. Now there was no whirling

at all. Roger was sitting across the

table from me with some of his textbooks and writing in a notebook. 'He looked up at me. 'I love you, he said "I had a very peculiar reaction. Just those words, the sound of his voice- It was as though he'd taken me with them-suddenly, brutally. I felt weak and on the crest of sexual desire. 'I love you too,' I an-swered and saying that was as thrilling as though our bodies were locked together. But he wasn't

PLAYBOY ASTRONAUT

(Continued from page 14) tightly restricted for a while, but they'll weather it as they always have. And the world's oldest profession will remain an out-of-this-

world problem. Not as great a problem, though, as overpopulation will be some day. With the vastness of space allowing for greater sexual freedom-despite the complexities described - the multiplication of the population is a foregone conclusion. In the old days, the Malthusian Theory forecast a population increase which would eventually crowd mankind off the earth. With all space to populate, this problem has receded. But one day, since the theory is soundly based on a geometric progression, mankind may find itself being crowded out of the universe.

Where will lovers go when that happens? Well, they're sure to find some place. And they're sure to do the same old thing when they get there. Whether Man invents the wheel, or the rocket ship, he may change his world, he may conquer new ones, but sex itself never changes-thanks be for that!

looking at me. His eyes were riveted to the crossword puzzle on the table in front of me. I glanced down at it too and I found myself saying those words again:

"'Love is a six-letter word.' "I don't know any six-letter

words,' he said.

"'Wedded.' I told him. " 'I can't use it.'

"'How about spouse?' " That's not for us."

" 'Sucker.' My voice was shaking. My body was burning with desire. But I was terribly angry at the same time. "'Sucker!' He was choked with

emotion. 'That's right. Sucker. That's a six-letter word for love right enough. Sucker; that's it,
"'Sucker!' We were chanting it together now. 'Sucker.' We were shouting. 'Love is a six-letter word! Love is a six-letter word!' suddenly Roger was gone and I was tearing the crossword puzzle into hundreds of tiny pieces and scream-ing hysterically: Love is a six-letter

word! Love is a six-letter word!" . . . And then I woke up." "And that was the end of the dream?" Dr. Antun asked. "Yes . . . But what does it all mean, Doctor?"

"Well, some things are obvious. Even to you, I imagine. For instance, what's been occupying your thoughts lately?" "Whether or not I should go to bed with Roger ... But I thought I'd settled that, I decided that we loved

each other and that it would be foolish to wait. Just yesterday I told him and we decided to make love tonight " "And you had the dream last night-or, rather, the sequence of

dreams, each, in a way, projecting the llaison you face tonight. "Yes," said Julia thoughtfully, "I suppose that's true ... And I was doing the crossword puzzle before I went to sleep, and I suppose that definition of 'love' as a six-letter word was on my mind. The two

things combined to make up the dreams-is that it?" "That's correct. But what's particularly interesting is the words you came up with as definitions. Let's consider the first sequence, for instance. Do you recall the words?" 'Brotic.' 'Sexual.' And

"Yes. Tibido "That's right. Now let's try some free association with those words. I'll repeat them one by one and you tell me the first thing that comes into your mind."

"All right, Doctor." "Erotic."

"Frigid." "Sexual."

Julia hesitated a split second Then- "Forbidden." "Libido."

"Male." "Trigid, forbidden' and 'male.'" Dr. Antun repeated her answers. "And what does the crossword puz-

zle represent to you?"
"A pattern?" Julia looked at him to see if she was right. "Yes. A pattern. Your pattern.

Now, Julia, in the past, how have you reacted to Roger's crotic overtures?" "I've been frigid."

"Exactly. And when you think of the sexual aspects of life, how do you think of them?" "Forbidden fruits. They're for-

bidden "And where you and Roger are concerned, how have you seen your-

self1 "As passive." "And him?" "He's always pushing the sex side

of our relationship. Some times I think he's oversexed. Then I realize it's just that he's a man and that's the way men are." "You mean he's got too much-" "Libido!" Julia finished the sen-

tence and then chuckled to herself. "I see what you mean. There is a pattern, isn't there? When I say that the letters are wrong, I mean that being erotic is wrong, is that it?"

"Yes." "And the same with sexual?" "Correct. And when you react in the dream to 'libido,' you're reacting to Roger's maleness, which makes you afraid. Do you remember what

you said to him?"
"Yes." Julia blushed. "No need to explain that. It's too obvious. "And too threatening. So, in the dream, you cast Roger away and go whirling off with your crossword puzzle."

"Like a kid with a security blanket ... But why do I dream it over again, only differently?" "Well, let's see how you react to the three words that keyed the second part of your dream. First, 'fe-

"Passionate." "Guilty." "Self-indulgence." Julia giggled.

male,"

"Sinful." "Lovemaking . . . No! I didn't mean that!" "Let it stand." Dr. Antun's voice was soothing. "Now, Julia, in the

dream, do you remember how you equated 'love' with evil?" "Yes, only it was 'evol' — love spelled backwards... But I'm equivocating, aren't I?"

"It would seem so ... Now, let's try and follow what happened in the dream. In the first segment you rejected the libido and Roser along with it. In the second section you return dressed and more sure of yourself. You admit to being 'female' and identify it with being 'passionate.' You only clutch the crossword puzzle-symbol of your security pattern - with one hand while allowing your other hand to participate in the passion. But then you panic again. You say 'every-thing's in the wrong place.' You identify 'love' with feeling 'guilty' and accuse yourself of 'self-indulgence.' Finally 'lovemaking' becomes 'sinful' and although your dreamimage of Roger is of a man who tears off your clothes and forces you to sex, you can't sustain it. Again you cast him off and race away with your crossword puzzle .

- your security pattern." "Then what the dream is saying is that I'm afraid of sex." Yes. But it's also saying that you're drawn to it. Let's look at the last part of the dream. How do you react to the word 'wedded'?"

"Legitimate," Julia snapped back. "And 'spouse'?" Security."

Dr. Antun smiled to himself. "Sucker," he said, "Pregnant."

"Let's see what you make of this yourself," the doctor said. "I want sex, but I want it to be 'legitimate,' I want the 'security' of a 'spouse'-a husband. I think a girl who has sex without marriage is a 'sucker' and that she may be

punished by becoming 'pregnant.' It that what it means?" "If that's what it means to you -and it would seem that it doesthen that's what it means . . . It was a very good analysis. Keep that up and you'll have my job." Dr. Antun

laughed. "I don't want your job. I just want to understand myself-and be able to decide what to do about it. For instance, what do I do about Roger tonight. If that's what the dreams mean, do I go to bed with

him, or not?" can't answer that." Dr. Antun said. "It's entirely up to you. My job is to help you look at your problems, not to solve them for you. You have to solve them yourself." He glanced at his watch

And my time is up." Julia got to her feet. "Well, Doctor, I can't say you've been very helpful. I still don't know what to do about tonight." Use your own judgment. And

don't doubt your ability to make decisions." Dr. Antun guided her gently to the door and edged her out. A few hours later the door closed behind Julia and Roger as they entered Roger's apartment, "You've been awfully quiet," Roger said as he flicked on the lights.

"I've been thinking," Julia answered "Come to any conclusions?"

"Yes. Tonight's the night." "No it's not," Roger said. "What do you mean?" "You're not the only one who's

been thinking." "I thought you'd been awfully quict yourself," Julia observed. "But don't understand what you mean. Don't you want to make love to

"I sure do. But I've thought it out and I realize I want a lot more from you than that. For one thing-and this is selfish on my part - I don't want you to let me make love to you as a sacrifice. I don't want you to just submit. I want it to be some-

thing we both enjoy. And for another thing, I don't want you in a dither of guilt and fear of pregnancy and all that jazz. So. I've de-

finger."

cided we're going to wait until I graduate and put that ring on your

That's great. You let a girl get herself all worked up and eager and then you go noble on her." Her relief showed through the teasing note in Julia's voice, "Well then, if you're not going to deflower me what are we going to do tonight?" "Come on." Roger kissed her on

the lips. "I'll help you finish that crossword puzzle." "Okay, what's a six-letter word for love?"

"How about 'denial'?" Roger said ruefully. And at this moment, across town in his office, his last patient having just left, Dr. Antun opened the drawer of his desk and withdrew the half-finished Sunday Times crossword puzzle. "Now," be pon-dered to himself, "just what the hell is a six-letter word for 'love'?"

#### DRUG THAT TURNS COWARDS INTO HEROES (Continued from page 46)

space disappeared, Hoffman imagined that he was floating around the room and looking down at his body lying dead on a couch. The doctor had become a truly split personality. The amount he had taken was incredibly small, not more than 250 micrograms, but its psycho-chemical kick was equivalent to a cerebral A-Bomb! LSD seemed to be the first opportunity to open up the nature of the function of the brain and researchers poured in. Countless experiments were performed with LSD, which under proper controls gave its human guinea pigs the thrill of their lives, and permitted psychiatrists and scientists a view of the human mind never before available. Those who swallowed LSD experienced a revelation of life which brought them close to immortality. Under LSD influence there were not only hallucinations of surpassing beauty but objects, stones, fruit, a shaft of light seemed to pour out a thousand hidden meanings to the drugged subjects. They became controlled and classic

abnormal mind LSD had dangers too - it could drive a potentially psychotic personality into permanent insanity. But the "normal" user, following his delightful LSD excursion, would feel better, more integrated, more alive, more perceptive about life and living than ever before. This glowing

for weeks. Through LSD the implications were clearly made. The mind could be controlled by chemicals. The

mind could be shaped and structured to perform in any pattern the chemical mind-controllers would choose. All that remained was the need to know a little more and to keep finding new mind chemicals. Many by now have been isolated Here are their classifications and functions: Tranquilizers to banish anxiety; psychic energizers to banish depression, build good mood and mental energy; ballucinogens to transport you into a world which does not exist, to the hidden frontiers of the mind; euphoriants to make you feel that everything is wonderful beyond belief (euphoriant chemicals so alter the mind that under their influence spoiled wine tastes like champagne, a bed of nails is almost as comfortable as foam rubber, overwhelming and suicidal dangers seem to be safe bets, child's play); depressants turn the mind in the opposite direction, total gloom and darkness descends, nothing is good, life is not worth the effort and neither food nor drink nor Elizabeth Taylor can lift the hopelessness; dis-(albeit pleasant) psychotics who in this state revealed a great deal of inhibitors (alcohol is a very mild example) to shift control of the the function of both the normal and mind away from normal behavior (you talk too much, become too emotional, exaggerate both ideas and actions, for example, "I can fight any bum in the house"): chronoleptogenics destroy the sense of time (you lose the ability to tell the difference between hours and minutes, and the time distorters can literally drive you out of your after-effect sometimes would last mind); confusants to distort all relationships you may have with peoplc, places and things (your wife

may become a stranger, you can for-



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stranger to yourself): catoplexogenics leave you fully conscious but prevent you from moving a single muscle (you are to all practical purposes, paralyzed); brainwashing drugs which increase individual

suggestibility enormously. "In the not too distant future," predicted Harvard psychologist Dr. B. F. Skinner, "the motivational and emotional condition of normal daily life will probably be maintained in

any desired state through the use

of drugs." Already the Armed Forces are cashing in on the discoveries of biochemistry. LSD, for example, is regarded by the military as an incapacitating weapon. Just one pound of this drug, dropped into the water

supply of Moscow. Peking-or any large city, for that matter-will reduce those urban areas into temporary insane asylums, leaving every man, woman and child helpless for eight hours to resist an in-

#### Apes. MISTRESS OF WELLINGTON & NAPOLEON

(Continued from page 30) commuting between Josephine and Giuseppina. In that year the Duke had led two military expeditions, one against the Danes, and one assisting Portugal in its revolt against Napoleonic rule. In Denmark he had compounded the defeat of the Danish army by a liaison with a Princess of the Royal House. At a later date, she claimed he had actually raped her, to which Wellington replied that the lady had seduced him. No matter, though, for the incident was overshadowed by an affair with a Lisbon society lady which ended in the scandal of his killing her husband in a

pistol duel. With Napoleon busy in Russia. Wellington led Spanish forces against the French Army that occupied Spain. He won battle after battle, his military star rising as Napoleon's descended. However, in the spotlight of scandal, the two generals re-

mained equals. December of 1812 found a wartorn Europe taking time out to gossip over the amours of both. This was the month in which Wellington drove the French Army beyond the Pyrenees and out of Spain, thereby winning the Peninsular War. It was the month in which the defeated Napoleon returned to Paris, leaving half his army behind as frozen corpses on the Steppes of Russia. It was a breathing-spell for scandal.

The newly-formed Spanish government-which but a month before had sent missives praising Wellington to the sky to Buckingham Palace -now felt compelled to notify their English allies of a "delicate situation" which had developed in the wake of the Duke's victories. The "delicate situation" was their way of

The use of the bravery drugs, on the other hand, represents a tremendous advance from the days of the Korean War, when the Chinese sent waves of troops, hopped up on heroin and cocaine, to wear down the foe, in the process of being slaughtered.

vading army.

What this drug means in terms of modern warfare," said one highranking officer, "is incalculable. The soldier using it will not only reach untold heights of heroism, but he will also retain his clarity of thought and precision of action, enabling him to return alive to receive his

medal. But it isn't only in the field of war that such a drug can be used successfully. By swallowing a tranquilizer, energizer and disinhibitor in the proper combination, any Casper Milguetoast quickly finds himself feeling like Tarzan of the

referring to the hundreds of impregnated Senoritas -- many of whom claimed to have been tumbled forcibly by the high-spirited soldiers of the English Army. Following this, two messages crossed paths as they were carried between England and Spoin The first was a directive from the English government to Wellington which instructed him to make any reparations necessary to smooth relations between the two countries. The second was from the Royal House of Spain itself to the English Prime Minister. It denounced the Duke as a high-handed satyr who seemed bent on turning the Royal Court's ladies-in-waiting into his own personal harem and who backed up that intention with force of arms. Specifically, reference was made to a reception to which the Duke had been invited where he lured three ladies of noble birth into a private room of the palace, posted guards outside the room with orders to shoot any intruding husbands and proceded, with the help of two aides. to force the ladies to submit to him. Wellington's defense was that while he had perhaps been indiscreet-due, no doubt to partaking of too much Spanish wine-the ladies had submitted willingly. This explanation didn't sit to well with the Home Office which had consistently placed obstacles in Wellington's military noth and now smugly condemned him as "not a gentleman" and "not even an Englishman" to boot. With

his Irish up, Wellington returned to London to defend himself. Meanwhile, Napoleon, licking his wounds in Paris, had rediscovered Giuseppina Grassini. His second wife, the Princess Marie Louise, may have given him the heir he so desired, but when it came to assuaging the memory of the Russian chill, her Austrian royal blood ran tepid compared to the fiery Italian soprano. The juiciest of scandals, however, has a way of running dry in the face

of military necessity. And so it was with both Napoleon and Wellington. The former left Paris to lead his forces in the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and later in the disastrous Battle of Leipzig. Meanwhile, the English government forgave Wellington his "indiscretions," and put him in command of an army to invade the South of France.

It was 1814 by the time the smoke of many battles had cleared and when it did, a tail-dragging Napoleon was headed in exile for Elba. And Wellington had been appointed the English Ambassador to Paris! Late Spring, as fate would have it the Duke followed the trilling birds to the opera house one evening. He had heard of Mme. Grassini, knew of the scandal involving her and Napoleon, and was curious to watch her perform. But he was disappointed. In the wake of Napoexile, anti-Bonsparte sentiment had swept Paris and the management had decided not to risk letting Giuseppina sing. Even as Wellington heard the announcement of a substitution, the Italian diva's servants were packing her things for

the trip back to Milan.

The trip was never made. Wellington exerted his considerable influence on the French government he had helped create, causing Giuseppina to be reinstated as the prima soprano of the Paris opera. When she learned of his efforts in her behalf, she sent the Duke a note of thanks and invited him to tea. The Duke, an incorrigible kissand-tell diarist, recorded the incident as follows: "This Italian woman of Napoleon's is as all reputation would have her be. A ripe and bosomy fruit in the flush of womanhood, if her responsibility be as rumor has it, then Bonaparte's em-

pire may rightly have been well lost. "Thanking me for interceding on

her behalf, she was frank about her relations with the erstwhile Emperor. Then, with lowered lids, and in the softest of Latin accents, she pronounced an innuendo having to do with the disposition of the spoils of victory. On the instant, I realized she had reference to none but herself. "Quick to sieze upon this, I bestowed a compliment and assuaged the blush with which she received it by taking her hand in mine. She recovered sufficiently to observe that I was deserving of my reputation for boldness, which remark I took

as an invitation to further boldness and was so moved to kiss her. 'Her response to this being unmis-





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takably warm, I followed with further liberties which she gladly allowed. These, in turn, resulted in such disarray of clothing and eagerness of flesh that wordlessly did we agree to proceed to her boudoir whence we shed our garments and left fiery imprints of passion on the bed linen throughout that truly memorable afternoon. Thus have I warbled with Napoleon's nightingale. finding her to be a lovebird to the taste of my Irish cage. A cage. which she assures me is even more satisfying than her Corsican nest of yore.

A wordy wooer, the Duke kept a bed-by-bed account of the affair which followed. It was some six months later that he made the following entry:

"My Italian sonabited sings of love as irresistibly as even. Her allure grows with every linison—so different from the many women of many lands I have known. Ah, the delight, after a night in her arms, of waking to the sound of that magnificent voice paying homage to Ercs with an aria of gratitude..."
Could it be that the high notes of

that aria were wafted by the winds to the Isle of Eiba? A fanciful thought, but surely something prodded Napoleon to break his word, France. Knowingly, or not, his netion had the effect of driving the Duke from the arms of his Latin lovely to the arms of war. Wellington field to England to take command been recruited to stop the rampag-

ing Emperor.

Before this could be done, however, on March 20th, 1815, Napoleon entered Paris. The quickly adaptable populace greeted him with open arms; and no less open were the quickly adaptable arms of Giuseppina Grassini.

Once again she became the Corsican's concubine. It seems quite probable that with all the hustle and bustle attending his return, nobody found the time to tell Nappy that his Italian posta had been floating around in an Irish stew during his absence. More likely, nobody had the nerve to tell him.

In any case, Napoleon's affair with the side-switching soprano was carried on more flagrantly than ever. But he was the man of the hour and nobody questioned his off-hours pleasures. Indeed, the presence of his Milanese playmate at his side during a victory parade elicited only a tolerant Gallic wink from the populace. It was taken for granted that while his boots stamped out the occasional brush-fires of rebellion during the day, at night they were parked contentedly 'neath the Signorina's international bed. He had to grab them in a hurry

though, when, one June night word was brought to him that Wellington's Army was in Belgium, massed for an attack on France. And so, with a farcewell squeeze of Glussepina's operatic bellows, Napoleon set out to meet his Waterloo.

The rest is history. The Iron Duke trounced the Corsions acountly and shipped him off to St. Helens to live out his life in exile. To show their gratitude, the English government placed Wellington in charge of the army of occupation in France, and the Duke once again returned to Paris. Giuseppina greeted him—you guessed it—with open army.

But, as fate would have it, they closed on thin air. Wellington had heard of her interlude with Napoleon while he was busy forming an army to beat him. He admired her fine Italian hand, but he refused to

#### THOSE HUSH - HUSI (Continued from page 9)

smack into his lap. It was then that Wilf fell in love with her and knew damn well that he was in for trouble. How in hell can you arrest-or shoot-the girl you love, even though she is about to assassinate your boss? Her name was Estella Voya Sanchez and she was in her early twenties and she looked like Dolores Del Rio. At any rate, she was in her early twenties and looked like Dolores Del Rio. What her name was, was anybody's guess. She didn't look especially Latin, but her Spanish was perfect, and Wilf knew several blueeyed Mexicans of Castillian ancestry.

When she got extra curious about what he did and where he came from, he gave her a line about being a soldier-of-fortune on his way to join up with the Arbenz forces. He put on his best cloak-and-dagger look and whispered hoarsely, "Frankly, Estella, a lot of trouble would be saved if somebody would shoot this Armas character. I almost wish I had the

chance."

She regarded him strangely and nodded. "Maybe, But I don't care to talk about politics and war, right now. I am going to Honduras to get a newspaper story about the revolution, yes—but until I get there I want to forget my troubles and the

world's troubles and—"
The way she was looking at him then, Wilf could not resist the impulse. He leaned forward and kissed Estella Voya right on her lovely full red lips. And she kissed back.

Because she had fallen in love with him. When he told me this, I didn't doubt it for a moment. And as they few toward their muddled destiny, holding hands in the loneliness of the huge Constellation, Wilf wondered, "What in the hell are we going to do?" By the time they reached "Tegoose," Wilf knew what he was going let her play the cards fate had dealt her. Instead, he called for a new shuffle and when Giussepina picked up her pasteboards, she found a little French milliner, some ten years younger than she, had walked off with the Wellington pot.

with the Wellington pot.
Not only that, but she found the
Not only that, but she found the
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cut the shrug, Glussepina Grassini returned to Milan. There she lived to
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#### THOSE HUSH-HUSH SIRENS OF THE C.I.A.

to do. At least, be knew what he was going to try to do. If, as he thought, Estella sincerely loved him, be wouldconsummate their relationship make love to her are no man had even Then he would talk her out of the assassination plot. It was either that or turn her over to the revolutionary council. They, he knew, would have her shot.

He took her to the Prado. And that's where I met them. We three had dinner together, during which Wilf and I talked over old times in the China of O.S.s. days. We hadn't seen one another since the war, but had kept in touch. Then Estella went to her room—and that's when Wilf brought me up to date on the situation of the world when the world will be the world with the world will be the wo

"I'm going up to her room in a half hour," he said. "I'm going to take her to bed. If, by tomorrow morning, I haven't convinced her that she's doing the wrong thing, she's going to try to get at Armas. All she has to do as an accredited correspondent for a Mexican paper, is fly up to the front on the charter service, the way you guys do, and have an interview with Castillo. She can do a Kamikaze job right then and there, or she can sneak around the camp until she gets a chance to plug him from a distance. Damn it, why didn't the Commies pick a big ugly hood for this job? I could have dropped him out of the plane on the way down here and

There was no way I could help him. I could only with him luck—both in his political affairs and his love affair. When Wiff knocked on Estella's door, she opened it at once, as though she'd been standing just inside, waiting for him. She was attired in something that is often referred to as

-" He shook his head

"more comfortable"; it was composed of black lace and must have weighed at least an ounce. Beneath the sheer negligee, the fabulous proportions of Estella were utterly devoid of either bra or pantics. She smiled as she pre-sented him with a drink, and Wilf didn't try to appear nonchalant about it. Still, he waited patiently for as long as he was humanly able, making small talk through dry lips. At last, she brought him a pony of Drambuie:

he knew it was time. Draining the glass, he said huskily. "I know of something sweeter than this." He rose to his feet. Then, like two mountain streams that meet with a blind rush, to mingle and become one, Estella and Wilf ran forward and into each other's arms. Laughing unsteadily, they fumbled at one another's clothing. Wilf tore the filmy lace from her body with a single gesture. Then, with the sound of rending fabric and popping buttons, he removed his own clothes. He lifted her squirming, eager body and bore her to the king-size bed. Gently, almost reverently, as though laying an offering on an altar, he set her down. The night that passed then will never be forgotten by either of them.

passionate nights have since come and gone. For this was the first-and this was special, too, because each thought it might be the last. It must have been nearly dawn when, while the fan whirred gently, cooling them, they lay there on the rumpled bed and smoked quietly. They had been silent for a long time. Now Wilfrid Lethbridge knew it was time to speak his piece. Now, when her resistance was at its lowest; when she loved him the most. Yes, he knew, the Commies trained their

even though other equally wildly

agents well, and comparatively few of them defected. But perhaps love would prove even stronger than the Red brain-washing and indoctrination. It was time to find out But Estella spoke first, "Wilf, darling," she said softly, "I must ask a favor of you. But first-do you love me, really and truly love me?" He frowned in the darkness and squeezed her hand. "It's yes to both,

sweetheart. I'll do the favor for you and yes, I love you really and truly." He paused and gave a short laugh. "On second thought-what's the fa-There was a long silence. Then her

words came softly and firmly, "Don't do it, Wilf. I beg of you-don't do it?" What the hell? "Don't do what?" "Don't assassinate Castillo Armas!" It took a while for it to sink in Then he rose to one elbow. He switched on the light. In the sudden glare, he blinked down at her. She said, "I know why you came down here. Wilf. You were hired by the Communists to kill Armas. My people learned about it just a cou-

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ple of days before we met on the plane. They knew which plane you would take, only they didn't know the plane that they would take, only they didn't know to stop you. When you were the only passenger on the plane—and when you admitted you were on Arbens' you admitted you were on Arbens' and they are the plane of the plane—and when supposed to turn you in when we supposed to turn you in when we had to be a supposed to turn you in when they was stupped crough to fall in lower had not been a supposed to turn you in when you will night thank you will night had not you will night you will night had not you will night had night had

raster, and she put a inger on his lips to silence any interruption. "You're an American, my love—like me. You've got to be on the right side —my side. Work with me, Wilf! The money isn't so great, but you'll feel cleaner and—we'll be together. Please."

sky rockets and ring bella and scream into the street. He wanted to run down the hall in his shorts, shouting that everything was going to be all right... But he only laughed quietly, a little hysterically, maybe, and held Estella very tightly. He kissed her shoulder, her arm, her cheek and her breast. He stroked her hair, touching her as though she were something

very precious, as she was. When he could control his voice, he told her his side of the story. She didn't believe him at first, but then she asked him several questionsquestions that no Mexican newspaper woman would be able to ask; questions no routine soldier of fortune could answer. And when he answered them, she said, "Twe lived in Mexico and Central America all my life, darling, but I'm as American as you, My father was a career diplomat. When I was very young he began training me for the Service. For added excitement I went into the Intelligence end of it. For the past four years I've been working for the Central Intelligence

hagen." They stept for a few hours. Then they rose and got to work. And there was plenty of work to do. The asma-sin was still at large. Obviously, the Reds had learned that their secret was out. They had pulled him off the work. They had pulled him for the work. They had pulled him for the work. They work had been a second to the work. They had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work had been a second to the work. They work had been a second to the work had been a second to th

Agency, My name is Angela Stern-

story—and that the colonel should be doubly cautious.

Later, Angela made coded longdistance phone calls to two contacts for verification. Marie Swanson, who was living in Caracas, Venezuela as the mistress of a leading Red, retion plot was suddenly canceled. The second phone call was made to Mextico City, to Jane DeLong, who was apparently another sexy dish, for she was shacking up there with one of the top monkey-monks of the Commies—a big wheel in agitation and propagands for Latin America. The Mexico City call indicated that the Reds would definitely try to

the Reds would definitely try to knock off Armas at a later date. Within three days Jacobo Arbenz fled Guatemala, the resistance broke down, and Castillo Armas marched into the capital. He would, it appeared, be able to make Guatemala safe for democracy. There was dancing in the streets

I went on to Guatemala City with the others, knowing that I had a pretty good story—one that I wouldn't be able to tell for several years,

if ever!
After the victory celebration—only one of several—Wilf and Angela got together again. As they lay close together, she said, "As you know, I am a very passionate girl—right?"
"Thank God." murmured Wilf.

"thank God, and Allah, end Buddha and Tao and Erost" "Then," she teased him, "you know what a sacrifice I'm going to make for you. We Mata Haris are all alike. We are good operatives because we can supplement our brains with our

can supplement our brains with our sex. In the past, I have done my job especially well because of my womanhood. Now, since I have to be faithful to you, I go into the battle only half armed."

Will shook his head and slapped her playfully. "From now on, we

her playfully. "From now on, we work together. You can lure our quarry into the traps—and I'll sping them."

All right. That should end the story, shouldn't it! Everybody's happen and contented and the future looks

good, right? As of 1854, I mean. But there's a postscript—sctually, the most important part of the story. Next day, Angela went downstairs to the hotel lobby first. It looked beiter, that way. When Will joined her, he found her being kissed rather violently by a tall, handsome and very young Guatemalan youth. Angela didn't look too happy about it. She

turned to Wilf.
"This, darling," she said, "is Romeo.
—Romeo Sanchez Vasquez. He is a very dear friend. I just told him about us." She turned toward Romeo.
"I am so terribly sorry. I couldn't help myself. Please try to understand."
Romeo did not look as though he

would try. He glared from Angela to Wilf, elenched his fists, then stalked away. Angela looked after him sadly. "It's too bad. He was so much in love with me. I only hope he doesn't do anything he shouldn't. He's very sensitive, a little neurotic, I think."

The Gustemala War was over. Angela and Wilf went back to Washington. Getting him into the C.I.A. was easy and, although all of their assignments haven't been together, they've been happy. Not long after they got to D.C., Angela received a letter from her ex-boy friend, Romeo, He seemed to be trying to get even, apparently, because he reviled her unmercifully. Also, he had joined the Communist Party.

And that's where Angela made her one big mistake. Because of her past involvement with Romeo, she couldn't bring herself to notify the Government of the youth's activities. Maybe she felt he was only bluffing.

just to hurt ber more.

Anyway, one day, as she and Wilf ate breakfast in the cafeteria at C.I.A. headquarters, she opened the morning paper. Wordlessly, she showed Wilf the front page headline. "CAS-

#### THE TREE HOUSE (Costinued from page 22)

a crow!"

took to be a mocking smile. "I saw your kids climb into that thing, today, and I was curious. That's all." He hesitated, the smile broadened. "That's all really "

'Keep to hell out of that tree, do you hear?" Malcolm kept his voice low, level and dangerous. "Go up there, and I'll shoot you out-like

The young man, still with that maddening smile, picked up his pruning sheers and walked away. He had started to work, that day, as assistant gardener. His first day, decided Malcolm, would be his last. A man like that, so aggressive, young and handsome, could be dangerous, The very thought of what he might do to an innocent, impressive Malorie made Malcolm clench his fists till his nails cut into the flesh of his palm. The dog-the dirty, young

By the time night fell, Malcolm Burff had worked himself into a controlled frenzy of worry and doubt. Should he have shown Dick that movie, after all? And that young gardener; he lived in the garage. So long as he was on the estate he was an ever present risk. Malcolm tried to keep the children up later than usual. There was something good on the Late. Late Show, he told them, and tomorrow

was Saturday-no lessons But Malorie started to yawn early. and Dick kept rubbing his eyes. Malcolm let them go to bed, finally,

At eleven, he made the nightly bed check. He insisted that both Malorie and Dick keep a nightlight burning in each of their rooms which were, of course, at oposite ends of the upstairs hallway-and the doors unlocked. So, tonight, as always, he opened the doors and pecked into the rooms . . . Good; the huddled forms of Malorie and Dick gave proof through the night that TILLO ARMAS ASSASSINATED: MILITARY JUNTA TAKES OVER. "He was a good man," said Wilf.

sadly, "He-What's wrong?" Angela's face was dead white. She pointed. Wilf read: "Armas was shot by one of his own guardsmen, who was himself gunned down at once. The guardsman's name was Romeo Sanchez Vasquez."

Yes, coming events cast their shadows before. It has been tough on Wilf. these past several years. He's had a job convincing Angela that she isn't responsible for the problems of the Western Hemisphere, Considering his methods. I envy him his job. Imagine having to convince a gal like thatnight after night, for the rest of your

virtue burned bright It was then that Malcolm heard the noise from the tree house. He went out onto the balcony and listened carefully to make sure. Yes,

a low gasping noise and a light feminine giggle sounded in the darkness. Thieves? No. That young puppy of a gardener? More likely, He and that snip of a chambermaid were probably rooting like pigs in the playpen aerie-dirtying the fair nest of his children!

Malcolm wasted no time. He went downstairs to the library, and from the gun rack took the 375 Magnum rifle with which he intended, someday (he told himself) to shoot a lion. Jamming a clip into it, clumsily, he went outside.

Malcolm really did not possess the guts to shoot a lion. Nor did he now have the guts to climb up into the tree house. Instead, he shouted up to the heavens: "Now, you hastard, I'll teach you to grin at me!" Then he fired into the tree house. One

shot . . . one thunderous, orangeflaming, ear-splitting, eye-blinking, shoulder-pounding shot that propelled a 300-grain pellet at a halfmile per second into the night and thoroughly destroyed the little world of Malcolm Burff Unused to the monumental recoil

of a 375 magnum rifle, Malcolm was sent hurtling backward as though kicked through a stable door. He landed flat on his back, and his balding head struck the only exposed rock for fifty feet around. An arm of the surrounding darkness thrust itself brutally into Malcolm Burff's mind, blotting out the light and all of his thoughts for some time.

When Malcolm regained consciousness, it was still night; his head hurt and his shoulder felt dislocated. Beside him lay the rifle. Overhead, the tree house hung at a crazy angle from the oak; a glance showed him that the bullet had hit EACH GIRL RISKS IT



be) when a man's mind is in the bedroom. See the tempting, puffed-up featherbed to be despoiled! Hear the irrepressible squeals of pleasure! Those to whom bedtime has come to mean "bed and bored" will find "bed and better" . . . Thousands are now enioving Rollicking Bedside Fun, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines Here's lusty, merry recreation for ur squesmish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, select with appropriate to notice. Collected, assertued from the best there is, this zestfuPrimer is an eye-opener... YOU ARE
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one of the main cables that secured the house allowing it to slip sideways. From the door, the rope ladder hung. Apparently, someone had made a quick exit. Well, thought Malcolm, they wouldn't come back

in a hurry, the dirty cowards! He began to feel better. But then a disturbing thought nudged through his mind. That gun had made enough noise to wake the

dead. Why hadn't it awakened Malorte and Dick? Another nudging, nagging thought:

The young gardener wasn't scheduled to mave into the garage until the following day.

With sudden panic, Malcolm dashed into the house: first to Malorie's room, then Dick's. In each bed -even as he himself had done during military school days (God, he had told them how to do it!)-the children had rigged pillows and blankets to look amazingly like

sleeping forms. Frantic now, the man ran back to the tree house. Brick by brick, his little world was falling down around him. An entire wing collansed when, a moment later, a police car drove up the driveway and stopped a few yards from him. A spotlight picked out his ludicrous figure in its bathrobe and slippers. "What the hell," yelled Malcolm, "d'you want? You don't get paid off

till next week!" From the car, looking somewhat sheepish, crept Malorie and Dick. They had no clothes on-except for the police jackets thrown over their shoulders.

"We found these two just as they ran outta the gate," said the Sher-iff. He looked at Malcolm doubtfully. "They were both stark naked and said you had shot the house out from under them. I thought they'd both gone off their rockers, but-" his experienced eye took in the situation at a glance, "What really

happened, Mr. Burff?" Malcolm was staring at the children. As though talking to himself, he began reciting: "One, you two were up there alone: two, you had no clothes on: three, you rigged your

beds. So, my little night owls have been bird watching, all this time, eh?" Slowly, he began creeping toward them, gripping the rifle tightly. Warily, but with very adult authority in his voice, Dick said, "Look, Dad, it's about time you

made the scene. Mal and I'va been getting our kicks ever since you taught us the difference between chicks and cats, see? All we did was practice what you preached! Sure we needed that tree house, 'cause we were flyin', Dad!" What years of warped sensuality and misguided righteousness had nurtured, and what the bang on the

scream, he raised the 375. "Get down!" hollered the sheriff. bearing her to the ground. The rifle

Dick threw himself at Malorie, went off with another blast that lit up the night. The recoil sent Malcom crashing backward onto the

soft grassy turf. He landed on his head. On the same rock

Next morning, after seeing that Malorie and Dick would be well taken care of by Malcom's sisterwhom they adored-the sheriff got the sister to sign Malcolm's commitment papers. He and his deputy drove Malcolm to the hospital themselves. On the way back, they discussed the situation

"Too bad," mused the sheriff, sadly, "ol' Malcolm was a real square shooter. Decent, too. Never once welshed on a bet or a payoff." He shook his head. "I'm going t'miss them payoffs. It'll be like cutting my income in half." "How many houses did he run?"

the deputy asked. "Three." the sheriff said, with admiration. "Three of the best brothels in the county. They tell me he was raisin' the kids to take over when he retired." The deputy nodded, "Yesh -

funny he flipped his lid like thatwhen he found them in the tree house an' all. Hell-why should be get sore at the kids for practicing what he musta preached?"

#### skull had done to his head, now erupted, like an angry boil, in the brain of Malcolm Burff. With a - For Action, Security, Big Pay

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#### H.M.S. TATTLE TART (Continued from page 39)

Parl, Yes, he is an Englishman!
P. M. So he'd never tell lies to you—
Not this son of Britain true-blue—
First and last an Englishman!
Parl, Yes, he is an Englishman!
P. M. Now she may have lured a

Russian— Scored three Yanks on her escutcheon—

escutcheon—
But never an Englishman!
Parl. No, never an Englishman!
Exit Prime Minister and Minister of
War. Enter Tattle Tart.

War. Enter Tattle Tart.
ARIA — Tattle Tart
Oh, I'm called Little Tattle Tart—
damned Little Tattle Tart,
Since I revealed to the Press
Who bedded with Tattle Tart—

unwedded Tattle Tart, Tart in the Tattle Tart mess. Before all this started, to London I carted

My body unsullied by work.

A procurer changed that; his wiles rearranged that.

He launched my career with a jerk.

One jerk, then another! Oh, many another, Each higher in rank than the last. Until I arrived in notorious Cliveden The night of that infamous blast. Men of Nobility—Rites of Fertility—

The Dolciest Vita in Town
Engendered relations with one of
the nation's
Most highly-placed Lords of

Renown.
Twas thus that I caught him, and
later I taught him
The folly of Letters of Love.
For Tories who tarry with girls they

can't marry
Are ripe for a Laborite Shove.
But the most smazed man when that
Shove hit the fan
Was he who had purchased the bed
Which Little Tattle Tart—non-

aligned Tattle Tart—
So frequently shared with a Red.
Thus my impurity threatens security
In London—and Moscow as well.
Secrets told Tattle Tart—sighed to
bold Tattle Tart—
Just might blow the world all to

Hell!
Exit Tattle Tari. Enter Procurer.
SONG - Procurer
When I was a lad I carly learned
Sex is a product that is rarely
spurned
By high-placed members of society

Who quite oft as not enjoy it sans propriety. I mastered this information well indeed And now I am Procurer to the

Cliveden Breed. At this, my trade, I made such a mark My presence was a must at every

lark. I thus played Cupid in the affair Whose details with this August Body I wouldst now share. I'm sharing my info patriotjeally And because I've talked too much to recant, you see.

The Minister of War and Red attache To Tattle Tarts' boudoir by turn did stray.

To Tattle Tarts' boudoir by turn did stray. She catered to the whims of both these gents And gladly gave to me the agreed upon percents.

There's many a letter to testify
That the Minister of War most
surely did lie!
Stage darkens and all exit.

One corner lights up to show recalled Red Attache. SONG - Red Attache Oh, shame, oh mis'ry unforeseen,

Oh, shame, oh mis'ry unforeseen, The OGPU says I've been A traitor in the British hay. I may have spilled the borscht, they say, Whilst wooing that sly dame!

They've shipped me back to face the charge— My life expectancy's not large— Playing house with Mata Hari Might result in Hari Kari— Anyway, so they'll claim.

Stage darkens and Red Attache exits.
Opposite corner lights up to show Trio
of American Airmen.
TRIO - American Airmen
Never mind the why and wherefore,

Sex knows nations not, and therefore,
Though our Uncle Sam is prudish,
Though the Air Force frowns on lust,
We, alas, have done things lewdish,
But we ne'er betrayed our trust!
Tattle Tart, we Airmen tussled
At the price for which she hustled,

Which in our case was not too high.

No secrets had we to sell

None were told us and that is why

We've been cleared of Kiss-'n'-Tell.

Stage darkeas and Trio of American

Airmen exit.

Lights come us on Parliament sitting in

Lights come upon Partiament actuing in joint session. Enter Minister of War. SONG-Minister of War and Parliament Min. I am the Minister of War And I've been silly with a whore, A slut who slept in many beds, Who slept with our allies, and some neutrals, and some Reds. Parl. She slept with our allies, and

Parl. She slept with our allies, and some neutrals, and some Reds! Min. Although I lied to you before—Twas but a white lie. Don't be sore! No need of talk of rolling heads Amongst us, our allies, and the neutrals, and the Reds. Parl. Quite miffed are our allies, and

Parl. Quite miffed are our allies, at the neutrals, and the Reds. Min. The little fib I told you chaps Turned sticky wicket in your laps, So lop off my official head!





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But won't you spare Harold, and his Tories, so high-bred? Parl. For now we'll spare Harold, and his Tories, so high-bred! Stage darkens completely, then lights come up on same scene as before for Finale.

FINALE - Ensemble Parl. (CHORUS) We sail the Ship of State; Now our stately Ship's a-flounder. We're sadder men of late Since we learned we cloaked a bounder

Who kissed and wouldn't tell Of his actions compromising With a half-nude bathing belle Whose connections were surprising ARIA - Tattle Tari Oh. I'm pale Little Tattle Tart-wan

Little Tattle Tart. Since the world knows who enjoyed A bedful of Tattle Tart-regretful Tattle Tart-Tattle Tart's quite unemployed! Parl (CHORUS) Oh, we damn Little

Tattle Tart-talkative Tattle Tart Telling so many facets Of high-placed polygamy, Tory Damn near fell flat on its assets!

SONG-Minister of War and Parliament Min. I am no longer Minister of War! Parl. Aye! We've thrown you out in shame! Min. And your verdict is just, Yet question it I must In light of the mating game.

Parl. Aye! Our verdict is just! Dare he question our trust Might fall in the mating game? Min. There is nothing like a dame To tarnish a man's fame So, hark to a man wrecked, Who knows that his house glassy Might yours be if a lassie-Parl. Stop! We've never, never even

Min. What, never? Parl. No, never! Min. What, never? Parl. Hardly ever!

Min. They've hardly ever even necked! So give three cheers, and one cheer

more, I've been cashiered from this governmental bore!

Ex-Minister of War exits. SONG-Prime Minister and Parliament P. M. His statements bear reviewing. Tarts will e'er be our undoing. For we're lusty Englishmen! Parl. Yes, we're lusty Englishmen! P. M. Let me add that I am happy That despite my faith so sappy I shall still rule Englishmen

Parl, He shall still rule Englishmen? P. M. Now, I know my days are numbered,

Still, I don't mind being lumbered By another Englishman. Parl. Lumbered by an Englishman! P. M. Just be sure no reddish Roosian.

No Yank, nor Celt, nor Procsian Ever rules o'er Englishmen Parl. Heaven rules o'er Englishmen! SONG - All

Our Ship of State's a-sail,

NAKED GODDESS ON THE LOOSE (Continued from page 54)

"Sure . . . Hey! What are you doing?" But Venus had already done it She had unzipped the black sheath, dropped it to the ground and was standing there in her skin, "We'll have to swim for it," she explained "Oh. Yesh." All I could do was

gape. Unlike some women I've known, this girl looked about a thousand percent better without clothes than she did with them "Don't be bashful," she said. "Get

undressed." Why not? That had been my whole plan, after all. It was just that this was neither the proper time, place, or purpose. It was so unromantic. And with Venus, too. But, it had to be done

We swam out to the middle of the lake and began diving. After about fifteen minutes, I found something. It was them, all right. A small bow and a packet of arrows to go with it. I handed them to Venus "I owe you a favor," she said, thanking me. "And I think you'll

like the favor that I owe." was sure of it We had swum back to the edge and had begun to wade ashore when the flashlight covered us. It shone on Venus first, playing over her face and the upper part of her body. "Hey, Herman," a deep voice said. "It's a damn mermaid!" "Naw," a second voice said, scorn-fully. "They swim in the ocean, not in lakes. It's just some daffy dame The beam landed on me, "And she's got a man with her." Yeah. What do we do, now?

"What do you think, Max?" the man called Herman said. "We got to run them in for indecent exposure." "I guess you're right. It's been a

hell of a night, though. First we break up a rumble between the Phantoms and the Killers And hefore we can get a cup of coffee we I hated to break into their con-

versation, but I felt that our position was delicate, to say the least, "Officers," I began, "I'm sure I can ex-plain. You see, this lady's son lost his little bow and arrow set and we merely swam out and recovered it." "Sure, Mac," Herman said sooth-ingly. "Now you two screwballs come along quietly and you can tell it all to the judge." "But, I assure you ...

"Sure you do. Now, just tell us where your clothes are and we'll Though the journey's been quite rocky. So ends our sexy tale. With Brittania still quite cocky! CURTAIN

get you dressed." "Why should we?" Venus asked. "Why should you what?" Tell you where our clothes are." "Oh, oh," Max said, "We're going to have trouble with this one."
"Yeah," Herman replied. "You go pick up a policewoman. In fact.

you'd better get two policewomen. Some of these screwball dames can get violent.' "Oh, I'd never do anything like that, officer." Venus cooed.

"Get going!" Herman snapped to his partner. We were still standing half in and half out of the water. I asked Herman if he would let us come out onto the bank. "It's cold," I said, "Just stay where you are. I don't want that dame any closer. She makes me think some very un-policeman-like thoughts."
"I'm sorry," Venus said, "Why

don't you go off now and fight some criminals. I'll bet you are terribly Herman puffed out his chest. "Well, now," he began, then sharply

caught himself up. "That's enough of that," he roared. "And no more talking!" We waited obediently until Max returned with a pair of healthy

looking policewomen. "O.K.," Her-man said. "You two girls go after her, while Max and I get the guy." "It would be a lot more fun the other way around," Venus suggested "You see what I mean?" Herman exploded. "A dame like that

shouldn't be allowed to run around loose!" I guess I was the only one who noticed Venus' movement. She slipped four arrows into the bow-

string and let fly. "Alice...!"

"Herman . . . !" "Betty . . . !" "Max . . . !" The four of them were advancin towards each other like Tristen and Isolde at the end of the opera's first

act. They had no time left to watch Venus and me, so we discreetely left. "Where to, now?" I asked when we'd found our clothes and dressed "Don't you have any ideas? I told you I owe you a favor." Normally, I'm not the sort of guy who invites a girl to his apartment

on the first date. But who am I to disappoint a goddess? She didn't disappoint me, either!







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#### THE SWEDE FROM NUDIE-VILLE

(Continued from page 37)

That afternoon he was seated at a table in the rear by himself moodily blending an ulcer with a Perfect Manhattan and worrying about the financial security of the 'nudie." He'd already laid out money for film and carfare and incidentals, but as yet there'd been no green to put the light back in his eyes. Arnie had been stung before by getting involved in shoestring operations and his dolly drink was mixed with equally pessimism and vermouth. When he saw the director and producer heading for him from the front of the Tumble, his mind

did a quick half-turn and began forming the tactful words which might loosen the company wallet But he never got a chance to say them. The director pulled up in front of Arnie and began talking fast. "Arnie, you know J. B. Armbruster." he said, and while Arnie's neck was only three-quarters down the bobbling affirmative he continued. "And this is Ingrid Wellington, nee Biornstrand, She was Miss Sweden in the Miss Universe contest seven, eight years back. J. R. has some more shots he wants you to take for publicity. They're out of my line, so he's strictly on his own. I told him you'd be glad to co-operate." And with that the director was done

A little bewildered, Arnie turned to J. B., the producer. En route his eyes took in the Swedish blonde parked at the table. She was an parked at the table. She was an eyeful, maybe a wee bit over the cheesceake hill age-wise, but Arnie well knew that these low-budget "nudies" often had to settle for a mite less than Liz Taylor in the pulchritude department. Anyway, things could be done about those over-thirty lines the makeup didn't quite hide on her forehead and the over-thirty bust sag Arnie suspected was being hidden by a good uplift. As for the rest of her, he'd already noted good legs, sexy hips, a plump derriere and regular features. There'd been worse looking broads in many a "nudie." He completed the swivel and looked at the producer questioningly.

"Mr. Crosspatch," said J. B. Armbruster, "we'd like you to take some publicity shots of Mrs. Wellington here."

His voice dround on, but Arnie wann't really listening. The prospect of additional work had rung a warning bell in his head and the ting-a-ling said "What money?" loud and clear. Hout money?" loud and clear. Hout a liready in for a bundle on this job and before he got in any deeper, he wanted some assurances of bank-notes-on-the-line. When J. B.

reached a semi-colon in his sollioquy, Arnie came in with a fast interjection apropos the topic on his mind "About money, J. B.—" he began.

The producer wayed it seids

looking slightly annoyed "That will all be taken care of, don't worry. This is actually a separate deal and this will be taken care of immediately."

"What do you mean by immediately?"
"This is Friday. If you can take the photos this afternoon, as I have

the photos this afternoon, as I have requested, I will see that you have a check first thing Monday."

That was Arnle's kind of language. "What are we waiting for? The studio's free. We can start shooting right now." He signed the tab and led the way across the street to his office-studio. All the while he was setting un.

All the while one was setting up his equipment, J. B. kept talking, which experience is a supervised of class, he was saying. I think one shot of her signing the contracts. Then maybe one with a man-tilla over her head.— sort of as a contract of the maybe one with a man-tilla over her head.— sort of as the head shots to eith differently had been been as the supervised of the contract of the contract of the different had been been shown in the supervised of the supervised had been supervised by the supervised by the supervised had been supervised by the s

"Teah, sure," Arnie kept repeating through all of this "Absolutely," And all the time he was
thinking to himself that, damn it,
thinking to himself that,
damn it,
strong kook. One out terror comestrong kook. One out terror comestrong kook. One out terror
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type and he know how to handle
them. He took a few shots like the
the rear wanted, and then he politely
the wanted, and then he politely
the wanted, and then he politely

gave him his walking papers.

The sure I know what you want

"The sure I know what you want

"The sure I know what you want

"However, the sure I know the sure of the sure

desired rapport between photogene

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a certain amount of privacy in

the light and I'm not unappreciative

of the value of your suggestions, but

I think that for the best results you

should leave me alone with Mrs.

Wellington, now."

The look on Armbruster's face
was all doubt, but Arnie kept talking, and by the time he'd hit a
period Armbruster was safely out
the door and on his way down the
stairs. Arnie locked the door behind
him and went back to the Swedish
blonde. "All right, sweetie, now we
can get down to work," he said,

"Take off your clothes." "What's that you say?" She still had a trace of a Swedish secont and the surprised way her blue ever opened at his instructions according ated her Scandinavian appearance. "Come on. Let's not play games. The square is gone. Doff the dudsies and we'll take the kind of publicity

shots you really need." "But Mr Armhouster said-"I know all about what he said. honey, but take my word for it, his ideas are strictly from Squaresville.

You got a bikini with you?" "S'all right. Must be one that'll fit you around here some place." He began rummaging through

crowded closet. "Mr. Armbruster said a mantilla " Ingrid said in some confusion. Yesh, sure, we'll shoot you with a mantilla. We'll drape it over your head so the ends just hang down

over your breasts. Don't worry about it. Just leave everything to "I don't know--"

"Oh. so you're the shy type, huh? Now listen, cool it honey This Daddy-O knows the score Trust me The only worry either of us has is whether that Ivy League type'll really come through with the bread

on Monday" "Oh you don't have to worry about getting paid. I personally will

guarantee that You will? Well, sweetie, that's

real peachy of you. I appreciate it, too. All the same, that kind of guarante don't pay the pusher. So thanks for the kind thoughts and excuse me while I worry anyway. It's food for my ulcer."

"You are very amusing, "Thanks, And now what do you say we get down to work. Since you're so shy, we'll start off easy, Just unbutton your blouse, please

Looking at him covly. Ingrid did as she was told. Arnie walked over to her and extended his hands towards her bosom. With an alarm that may have been more than slightly mock.

she started to pull away.

"Nothing personal," Arnie explained. 'It's all in the line of work.
I have to — umm — arrange your charms to best advantage. Okav?" She nodded and he reached by turn inside each of her bra and hefted her breasts to get maximum cleavage. He couldn't help thinking that the way her fiesh trembled against his groping fingers seemed more easer than shy. Then he pushed the top of her bra way down and arranged her open blouse to hide the bra-top without concealing any of the flesh He went back to the camera and took the

"I'm going to take two more the



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same way," he told her. "Now, when I snap my fingers, you wet your lips and then take a deen breath and hold it. Then I'll take the shot. Get it?"

She nodded and they did as he said. "We'd do better if you'd take off that bra under the blouse." Armie

suggested She thought about it a moment and then shrugged her shoulders. She reached behind her and unhooked the bra, turning away from him to wriggle out of it. Arnie mentally winked to himself with satisfaction. He'd shot chicks like this before. All protests and modesty at the start, but if you just

eased them along, after awhile they'd be bouncing around in the buff like the most fanatical nudists. "I didn't think we'd be shooting pictures like this," she remarked as she followed Arnie's posing instruc-

"Cheesecake shouldn't be anything new to you," Arnie said. "I thought you were in the Miss Uni-Verse contest a few years back" "I was what they call a runnerup," she said proudly. "But all the pictures they shot there were in

bathing suits." "Any bikini stuff?" "No. But I wear a bikini on the beach sometimes. Oh, how the men ogle.

"Til just bet they do," Arnie said. But not as much as they ogle when they get a load of you in the altogether in that "nudie" movie, he told himself cynically. So stop with the wide-eyed innocence already. my Swedish pigeon. Never try to kid a kidder

"Would you mind taking that blouse off?" he said. "What would Mr. Armbruster say?" she giggled

That must be it! Arnie thought to himself. She must be old J. B.'s own personal sweet-patootie. And if I'm any judge of types, the old squarenik's hiding real green eyes behind those bifocals. No wonder he's pulling the bit with contract signing and all that jazz. It's a good thing I'm hip, or I could see myself taking these shots all over again next week when that director got a load of what I would have come up with if I'd gone along with J. B He took a half-dozen bere-breasted. shots of Ingrid and then began posing her for some leg shots. Each time he got his hands on her body to show her how to pose she reacted more warmly. Finally he decided there'd been enough gameplaying and it was time for serious

"All right, sweetie," he said, "let's get the rest of those clothes off." "You mean you want me to pose in the nude?" Now how the hell, Arnie wondered did they ever manage to shoot a "nudie" movie with this broad? Hell, her body was her career, so what was she coming on so obtuse about? "Yesh, on naturel, that's the general idea," he told her wearily. You got any objections?"

She giggled again. "I have no objections," she told him "Mr Armbruster, he might have objections and my husband, he might have ob-

jections . . "You leave Mr. Armbruster to me.

As to your husband..." You leave him to me" she finished with another trill of laughter. She started taking off the rest of her clothes and then stopped with a

shiver. "It's getting chilly in here." "Yesh." Arnie agreed, "Well. we can fix that." He went to a cupboard, took out two glasses and a bottle and poured two healthy

hookers of Scotch. "Wrap that beautiful frame of yours around that." he told her

They had a second, then a third, and by that time neither of them was feeling the chill at all. As a matter of fact, the liquor had blurred the minor over-thirty flaws of Ingrid's body to an extent where. as he looked at it in all its nudity. Arnie wondered what he'd ever been worrying about. He shot many shots, including a whole sequence with that blasted mantilla and noth. ing else. After still another shared hooker of Scotch, he noticed a decidedly warm response to his efforts to show Ingrid just how to pose.

One response leading to another, he found himself kissing her warmly while she kissed back with equal warmth. Now, Arnie, despite his line of work, was no wolf. Models could cause photographers with wandering hand-trouble too much difficulty. He'd learned that early in his career, and he rarely made passes, or took liberties. But this bit with Ingrid was different There could be no doubt that she was encouraging such liberties. Also, there's something about kissing a naked Miss Universe contestant-no matter how far in the past her glories may be buried-that just naturally constitutes the one thing which invariably leads to another. And so it did. And then another. And another. Until, to put it blunt-

ly, they made love Arnie found it extremely pleasant, the more so for having been unplanned. Still, experience having been a harsh teacher, once the interlude was over he felt it contingent upon himself to make sure, as delicately as possible, that Ingrid was in no sense mixing the pleasure of their business up with the fee to which he was entitled for the pictures he'd shot. It wouldn't be the first time that his partner in such

lovemaking had looked upon her role as part, or full payment for his services. So, as the was leaving he remarked, "I hope J. B. likes the pictures. I'm looking forward to being peid on Monday. Frankly, I'm in a hind, and I need the money You needn't worry," she assured him. "I personally guarantee that

Well. Arnie figured if she was J. B.'s girl friend, then she probably could make such a guarantee Anyway, might just as well go along until Monday. In any case, there

was nothing else he could do When he walked into the Turnble Inn with the developed photos under his arm Monday afternoon. what amounted to a reception committee was waiting for him. The director was there and on either side of him sat J. B. and Ingrid. Spreading out from them, strewn around like so many Xmas decorations, were a half-dozen or so of the girls who appeared in the "nudie," all of whom, sadly, looked rather the worse for wearing clothes. A general salvo of hellos drove him into a chair at the table. He took out the photos. One-byone he handed them to Ingrid who handed them to the director who passed them along to J. B. who let the girl beside him take them from him and pass them along to the rest of the group. The first few, taken while J. B. was there, were passed quickly and with little comment. Then, as the photos began getting hotter, certain attitudes began manifesting themselves.

Ingrid flushed with pleasure and murmured approval. The director looked puzzled, then flustered. J. B. turned red, began biting his lit started to get angry, caught Ingrid's approval and squelched the anger. There were gasns among the girls as the photos were passed down the line. One of them started to say something, but the well-directed elbow to her ribs by the girl next to her shut her up. When all the pictures had gone down the line and ended up back in Arnie's grasp, there was a strange silence over the group.

Arnie couldn't figure it But one thing he could figure. He'd better get paid before this silence jelled into the kind of trouble which might result in his being stiffed. "About my check," he said abruptly.

J. B. stood up. His face was a study in controlled anxiety and anger. "Come on, Ingrid, we've got to be going," he said.

Ingrid got up immediately and before Arnie could protest she laid a check in front of him, took the pictures and followed J. B. out the door. Arnie looked at the check. The amount was right. But the signature on it threw him. It was signed "Mrs. Ingrid Wellington." And the check was drawn on a Montreal bank.
"Hey," Armie said, turning to the
director who still looked like he'd
been hit by a truck and didn't know
whether he was going to make a
mint out of it, or was really hurt.
"Is this check good?"

"Good as gold."
"I don't get it; how come she's
paying me?"

"You don't get it! That's the understatement of the year. I don't get it. Whatever possessed you to take those shots of her!"
"What do you mean? It's all stand-

ard cheesecake stuff."
"Didn't J. B. tell you to take contract signing shots and cool stuff

like that?"
"Well, yeah, but I figured he was
just putting it on, or didn't know
the score. I knew you'd never go

the score. I knew you'd never go for anything like that."
"You did, huh?" The director shook his head. "Well, aren't you the old hippie. You sure 'suf know your job Ain't nobody goma tell

you nuttin', right!"
"What's bugging you?" Arnie said
in an injured tone.
"Til tell you, smart guy. Fil tell
you what's bugging me. That lady

you shot just happens to be the wife of the guy who's putting up the dough for our little opus a la nude, that's all." "You mean she's not in the 'nudie?"

"That's what I mean."
"But you said she was Miss Sweden a few years back. I mean, I naturally figured..."

"You minutally squeed wrongs she't he wide of the backer, who will so have something have something to play with when something to play with which have simething to play with which will be a society gail theme days are society gail theme days are society gail theme days are society gail theme days under the society gail to so the society said theme days are so that the society gail to gail the society of the society of the society gail to gail the society gail to gai

Kerfloory! Now do you dig?
"I dig. But he won! see those pix,
or hear anything about it. I can
give you insurance on that," Arnie
said positively. "Just give me her
phone number."

The director had nothing to lose. He gave Armic the number And that very night, listening to that Market was the same and the same and

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#### CONFESSIONS OF A PARTY GIRL (Continued from page 25)

perience that morality is mostly a matter of not getting caught. ACE: Perhaps, But even if that's true, there must be cases where a man is "caught," or embarrassed by what happens at these convention

HOSTESS: Ob, yes. It happens. ACE: I'd be interested in knowing just how this "public service" is performed. Let's take it from the beginning. How is this convention party girl bit worked out practi-cally? Who makes the first move,

and what is it? HOSTESS: Well, as soon as the date for a convention's been set and the hotel reservations arranged for, the convention chairman, or maybe one of the other fellows responsible for making arrangements

usually contacts me. ACE: How do they know you're the one to contact? HOSTESS: Maybe because we've done business before. Maybe somebody at some other convention's tipped them off. Word gets around. Lots of time it's the hotel manager

or someone else connected with the hotel who steers them onto me. ACE: You mean the hotels involved condone this sort of thing? HOSTESS: Not officially of course. But they look the other way. And they're not above cooperating with someone like me, if it means sewing

up some convention business ACE: Are you saying that reputable hotels actively collaborate with you in providing party girls for conventions?

HOSTESS: Maybe not actively, but they have to go along with it You know, being in this racket, I've learned a lot about the hotel business-enough to know how necessary my operation is to them, no

matter how many people deny it. HOSTESS: They may try to ignore it, but businessmen know damn well that free-wheelin' chicks figure big in attracting convention biz. Men away from home, cuttin' loose from the ball-and-chain, are out to have a good time—an' that means girls. Also, at sales conventions an' big industry shows, the buyers who come to look over the merchandise

expect to be entertained. That means chicks, too. ACE: Can you give us some ex-

amples HOSTESS: Well, sometimes there are special requests for different things. It depends on the group involved. Some prefer to keep it on an informal basis. Just girls for dates and how the individual fellow makes out is up to him. Others want special treatment. Stripteases and other, what you might call shows. Some want setups for small parties

- like four girls for four men. There's those that want real specialties, highly unusual, and those that just want a few girls to come over and be nice to the boys. Much of this can't be planned in advance; it

has to be played by ear.

ACE: Do the cops ever bother HOSTESS: The fuzz are generally

taken care of one way or another. ACE: You mean you bribe them? HOSTESS: I grease a few palms sometimes, but you have to understand, it isn't always a matter of bribery. Often as not the cops' hands are tied by the local store-keepers. These Joes have what you could call a vested interest in keep-

ing the boys happy, in seeing they'll want to hold their convention there next year ACE: Yet you say this isn't prostitution! Well, let's look at it from a legal standpoint. This isn't the only city you and your girls have been in; at times you must cross

state lines; isn't that legally white slavery? HOSTESS: White slavery is when you transport a girl for illicit purposes. First, I never transport my girls anywhere. I tell them where I'm going to be as much in advance

as I know, and if it's convenient, they look me up. Second, I have nothing to do with anything illicit. I provide hostesses-hostesses, get it? If they meet some fellow and take a shine to him and they go the limit, that's their business. ACE: Do you collect a cut of

what they make? HOSTESS: No. I collect a fee for finding them jobs as hostesses. And I collect a fee from the group that hires them for providing hostesses. ACE: Are you part of any larger organization? Is there what might be called a syndicate in back of you? HOSTESS: You been seeing too

many movies. It doesn't work like that. There are plenty of others in the same business I'm in, but there's no organization. We don't step on each others toes, and we try to be fair in spreading the business around; that's all.

ACE: What would a typical convention night for a party girl be PARTY GIRL: Well, they can be pretty different. I don't know that any one is typical. But let me tell you about a night I spent recently in a big-city hotel where a convention was being held. They'd broken up some sales conferences about nine p.m. and called the boss here to ask that some of the girls come over. I went with three others. When we got there, the boys were already pretty loaded. I guess you might say they were wild, but I'm used to that, and they weren't any more high-spirited than most guys get when they've shed the wife for a spree in the big city. Anyway, they decided it would be pretty funny if they pulled a switcheroo

and we girls drank scotch from their shoes instead of them drinking champagne from our slippers. Well. it was good scotch, even from a shoe, and pretty soon we were as high as they were. Three of the boys took me into another room for a strip poker game-the kind where everybody loses. Pretty soon the four of us were sitting around in our bare skins-not doing anything, just making funny faces and getting into screwbally poses, that sort of thing-And lapping up scotch. We all kent belting it down, the first thing I knew these jokers decided we should all do a conga and I should lead the line down the hall. The idea was to pick up more people from the various rooms. Well, pretty soon, I was heading up a line of twenty or so guys and a few girls in what you might call various stages of undress. Only the hotel management didn't dig this, so the manager got hold of a few of the convention bigwigs and they made us break it up. It was a hall while it lasted, though.

ACE: Then what happened? PARTY GIRL (giggling): Turned out two of the hotshots that broke it up talked out of both sides of their mouths. Even while they were calming the boys down, I spotted one of them ogling me. I was naked as a

jaybird, and I am pretty well built, so I didn't blame him. Would you? ACE: What is your price? PARTY GIRL: Like I said, there's no set price. Only what the traffic will bear. An' this traffic looked mighty bearable. We told 'em fifty spiece an' they never blinked an

eyelash. They got their money's worth, though. It was a wild night! ACE: Could you go into a little more detail PARTY GIRL: Why, you dirty old man, you! So you wanna play Kinsey, huh? Well, hell, just how

much detail is there to go into? They weren't queer, or sadistic or anything like that. There's only so much you can do with sex, junior. There was a lot of us switching back and forth between the two men, and them being soberer than guys usually are at conventions, the lovin' was pretty good. I don't know what else I can tell you. ACE: That about wraps it up. I

ruess. I want to thank both of you for your cooperation. HOSTESS: Thank you. And don't forget to look us up the next time you have a magazine convention. PARTY GIRL: Yesh, maybe then I can go into more detail-action speaking louder than words an' all!



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

# Is Your **English** Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

If so, then you're a victim of crippled English," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a bandicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes?" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

#### BOLANDER TELLS

HOW IT CAN BE DONE During a recent interview, Bolander said. "You don't have to go back to school an order to speak and write like a college

graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method" In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write? Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence - handicaps you in your dealines with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "com-mand of Enzlish"? Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and ensily without fear of embarrassment or mak-

ing mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can beln you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

er No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home - in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new? Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping poorle for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting

Question Does it really work? Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who

conversation.

bave used the Carrer Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of.
The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, wing the Career Institute Method?

Asswer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method? Asswer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET If you would like a free copy of the 32-wase booklet, How to Gain a Commano of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college preducte awickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post cord today.

The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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# A

FANTASTIC

Screen star Hope Lange captures the mirth and excitement you will find in this issue of ACE



